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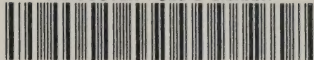
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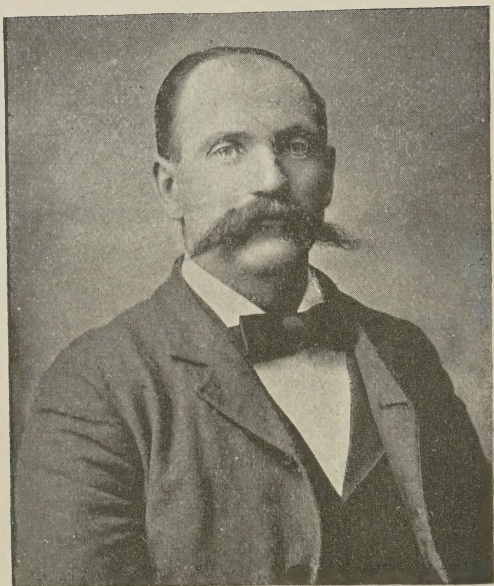
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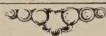
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Geo. Munn

PATRIOTIC AND OTHER POEMS



By GEORGE MUNN.

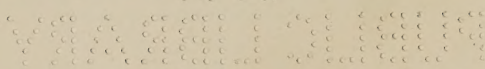


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GEORGE MUNN, at the Department of Agriculture.

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PREFACE.

MR. MUNN has asked me to write a preface to this book which is his first considerable venture upon the beguiling but sometimes disappointing waters of publication. I cannot but willingly comply, as I was instrumental in bringing before the Canadian public his early efforts in verse, and having assisted him in these trial trips I must needs wish him *bon voyage* when he adventurously sets out for a longer sail.

With this new poet, song is the accompaniment of work, and many of these lyrics have been evolved to the music of the saw, and the clear whistle of the shaving from the plane. There is no need to apply to these genuine and natural effusions, the compasses of the caviller, or the foot-rule of the hyper-critic, seeing that they are intended for those who appreciate the music of the singing birds that alight on the shoulder of toil, and the manly utterances of native emotion. The thrilling patriotism that breathes through many of these pages will find an echo in thousands of British hearts, and Mr. Munn deserves our gratitude for the powerful and unaffected way in which he often interprets the popular sentiment.

BERNARD MCEVOY.

Toronto, July, 1900.

PATRIOTIC SONGS READINGS

VICTORIA.

All hail, our sovereign Queen ! who dost command
Most reverence and homage justly due
As gracious ruler of a famed land ;
Queen of the Isles that gem the oceans blue,
And Empress of the Ind, more hearts are true
Unto thy laws and thy most gentle sway
Than Xerxes in his glory ever knew,
Or Alexander in his triumph's day,
Or he of France who crowns as baubles gave away.

With length of days great honor hath been thine,
And greater still shall be. Thy fame shall last,
(Noblest descendant of a noble line),
With time itself. Thy name shall aye be classed
Among great potentates above the vast
Earth's sceptred rulers whose alternate sway
Hath earned or praise or blame in ages past,
Idol or tyrant of their own short day,—
Of some the very chronicles have passed away.

Thou needest none ! Time shall not lessen aught
Of thy vast glory, or transcendent worth ;
Empires shall rise and perish, ages blot
The cenotaphs and records of their birth ;

But starlike still amidst the great of earth
Thy name shall shine in splendor. Ne'er shall be
Nor e'er hath been such precedent sent forth
As time shall teach, Victoria, of thee,
Greatest of monarchs thou, and all thy subjects free.

Who hath not marvelled at thy glory past?
Who shall not marvel at thy fame to come?
What potentate but envies thee such vast
Productive regions? For the sun doth roam
Eternally in splendor over some
Of thy domains, and like a sun illumines
The sun-rays of thy love each heart, each home,
That e'en thy meanest state a power becomes
That's awed not by the chains that stern oppression dooms.

No, Britain! chains were never forged for thee;
Freedom thy birthright and thy battle-cry,
Bear witness many a field of victory
Where Britain's sons did boldly choose to die
Rather than sweat out life 'neath alien sky,
Or pine in loathsome bondage. No, not yet
Hath thy meridian splendor passed thee by,
England, nor shall thy sun of glory set,
So long as are our hopes in such a ruler met.

Reveréd monarch of that wondrous clime
Whose annals fill a thousand years with fame,
And echo loud adown the aisles of time,
No greater heroes doth tradition name,
No greater monarchs Europe's records claim
Than of thy land were bred, and of thy race,
And such as do aspire to loftiest aim,
Still emulate their worth; Time shall erase
No portion of the claim they hold in history's place.

Her kings were conquerors, but wider sway
 Befel unto the maiden monarch ; thou,
Whose locks of beauty Time hath turned to grey,
 Art still our monarch ; age upon thy brow
Hath set its mark, but cannot lessen now,
 Nor ever shall, the homage that we owe
To such a Queen ; the mightiest avow
 Thine all superior worth, and reverence show
 To thee whose love within the people's breasts doth glow.

And may it stronger grow, in their esteem
 A monarch's love doth make the people free ;
A monarch's worth is aye their noblest theme,
 And thou art England's worthiest. May there be
Ever for her a ruler like to thee ;
 With still increasing bounds unto her sway,
That hers may never be the destiny
 Of former kingdoms that have known decay,—
 The rainbows of an hour, the meteors of a day.

Be thy name long a watchword to the free.
 A spell wherewith to conquer, a bright star
Still guiding England's sons to victory,
 A talisman to silence civil jar,
All rabble, discord, and all party war ;
 With love to thee may every sect combine,
As thine the prayers of thy subjects are,
 Be thine their glory, and their welfare thine,
 And in thy crown their love the brightest gem shall shine.

Long mayest thou live, who art the people's friend ;
 Long mayest thou reign, a mighty nation's boast ;
May health and honours still on thee attend ;
 Long may thy name resound from coast to coast,
In acclamations from a countless host
 Of loyal-hearted subjects ; may there be
Spared of thy statesmen, those who love thee most ;
 May all who fight for Britain, right and thee
 Go forth from victory to victory !

VICTORIA.

Lines to the Queen, graciously acknowledged by Her Majesty with the following letter of reply :—

“The Private Secretary is commanded by the Queen to thank Mr George Munn for his letter of the 14th inst. with the enclosed lines.”

“Buckingham Palace,

“28th June, 1898.”

Peace be to thee in thy declining years,
And to thy realm, may no disturbances
Affect the tranquil splendor of thy reign,
Nor fill that portion that remains to thee
With aught save peace and richest happiness.
Goodly and godly Queen, who lovest words
Of counsel urging peace, and oft has turned
The tide of great events and wrathful minds,
With wisdom's gentle pleadings; may thy sun
That dawned in splendor while a mighty realm
And distant rulers homage paid to thee;
And from its high meridian illumed
The hearts of all thy people, like the sun
That shineth on green fields in lovely May,
Which promises a happy harvest home;
Set not 'neath dark foreboding clouds of ill,
But sink into a glorious evening calm,
Beneath a tranquil, smiling, twilight sky,
Till harping angels hail thee o'er the verge
To a still brighter dawning.

Surely thou
Of four-score years, with less of years than wisdom,
And more of goodness and of love than either,
After so long and such a peaceful reign,
And being so by all thy subjects loved,
(If still the prayers of righteous ones avail),
Shall never in thy now declining days

Be shocked with war's rude thunders, nor the threats
That so menace the peace of Europe ; may
Tranquility assert once more its place,
And peace her throne and all harmonious be.

Monarch, whose crown hath sat upon thy brow
Like a great light upon some awful height,
Amazing, yet not awing to our view,
And still doth shine a splendid aureole,
For rulers of all lands their eyes to thee
Have turned and imitated, knowing thou
The model art of a great empire's head.

Despots have chains of slavery lighter made,
And cruel tyrants have learned moderation
From thy world famous sway of equity,
Gentle and so beloved, good, gracious, great,
The guardian of the realm ;

The hand of God

Did consecrate thee to such destination,
When Europe was commotion, as a fit
And goodly agent to effect His will ;
And that thou hast so reverently fulfilled ;
Thy mission ever working for that love
That binds all peoples in one bond of friendship
And Christian union ; surely shalt thou see
A tranquil end to such a righteous sway,
A peaceful closing to a glorious day.

INES ON THE DEATH OF TENNYSON.

And is it so ?
" The last great Englishman is low ? "
Yes, he is gone, and who shall follow,
Some hoary Druid, or some young Apollo ?
Who dare aspire
To touch the strings of his immortal lyre ?

Late handed down
With England's crown
Of laurel, graced so long
With his most loyal heart and his immortal song.
Never again,
While England breeds her godlike men,
Shall she bring forth a one so fit to be
The laureate to the greatest Queen on earth ;
And though no dearth
Of poets shall in future ages be,
England, to thee
His name and worth
Shall stand pre eminent among the stars,
The kings of rhyme.
In every time,
And every clime,
As long as earth has wars,
Or man delights to sing of gallant deed,
His song shall lead,
The first, the archetype of martial song ;
His life shall plead
As pattern of the gifted and the wise ;
His acts none can despise,
His loyalty, his creed ;
As long as earth has music, and as long
As language shall exist, shall live his name
Enrolled in fame.
Now he has laid his laurel down.
For an unfading, amaranthine crown,
Who dare succeed ?
The body finds corruption, but forever
Live they whose souls of passion and endeavor
Lift them above the mass of humankind.
His master-mind
Held him above his fellows by a head,
And now he's dead.
His fellows, who are they ?
Anointed beings of no common clay,

The mighty ones of earth,
Sages and poets, princes, statesmen, peers,
The noblest who have flourished in his years,
To him a mausoleum raise,
The mighty dead ;
Kings could not grace his obsequies,—
A master spirit's fled ;
He passed his friends around him,
While death uncrowning crowned him.

THE UNION JACK.

The old flag, the bold flag,
The flag that stood the test
Of shot and shell, and flame of hell,
And flaunteth with the best.

The proudest—still the proudest,
It waves o'er land and sea,
Or gilded flag or tattered rag,
The vanguard of the free.

Amid the front of battle's brunt,
It aye hath borne its part,
And still doth wave above the grave
Of many a British heart

Who fought and fell and servéd well
Their country in its need,
And deemed it gain to suffer pain,
Or for their land to bleed.

And still will we as willing be,
Where'er that banner blows,
'Mid desp'rate strife to risk the life,
As brave 'gainst freedom's foes,

As e'er before our sires of yore,
In days of chivalry,
Have died to save, or willing gave
Their lives for liberty.

We'll turn not back where the Union Jack
To glory leadeth on,
But face each foe and let them know
Our prowess is not gone.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for our flag so gay !
Our empire broad and free !
And our noble Queen, who late hath seen
Earth's greatest jubilee !

A JUBILEE ODE.

Assemble all your triumphs now,
And in a garland wreath,
The conquests and the great events,
A thousand years bequeath,
And form into one mighty arch,
Inset with star and gem,
And overcresting all arrange
A floral diadem.

And though the token of each star
May be some victory gained,
And every gem that's set therein,
Tells of some right maintained ;
Yet 'mong them all, although they speak
Of justly earned renown,
More glorious far the cause for which
We rear this civic crown.

For all the triumphs of the past,
When meted with this one
Shall dwindle into littleness,
As stars before a sun.

Of triumphs this the climax is,
The height of emulation,
The over-joy of joyousness,
A nation's exaltation.

A monarch's triumph in a reign
Without a parallel ;
A people's triumph, that is spared
The Queen they love so well ;
An Empire's triumph in the peace
Of such a lengthened reign,
While commerce triumphs in the marts,
Throughout her wide domain.

And myriad voices congregate
In thunderous acclaim,
With shouts of blessings to her life,
And glory to her name.
More glory hers with length of days,
Than greatest kings have known,
'Mid all the pomp and pageantry
That centres round a throne.

But glory of all glories this,
O'ercrowning all the past ;
The joy of this triumphant day,
With which her name shall last.
The greatest feature in the annals
Of a mighty nation,
The fond fulfilment of a loyal
People's expectation.

Blest epoch on the face of time,
Bright page in history,
A marvel to each coming age,
The day of Jubilee.
Shout and rejoice, O England's sons,
This is your glory-day ;
Now muster all your beauty and
Your might in proud array.

And join in the procession grand,
'Mid music rich and loud ;
Exult in this exultant day,
With the exulting crowd.
Accompanied with a regal train,
She comes, our noble Queen,
With the princeliest assembly yet
That earth has ever seen.

While ensigns wave and trumpets peal,
And cannon loudly roar,
No day of half such joyousness,
Was ever known before.
O tradesman ! quit your labour now,
And don your best attire ;
All England sees the Union Jack
Afloat o'er tower and spire.

And from the many vessel masts,
It flaunteth proudly free,—
Those ships that make and hold her claim,
“The Mistress of the Sea”
Oh, matron ! leave your household cares,
And seek your comeliest gown,
For all is stir and all alive
With joy in London town.

Exult, ye aged and feeble ones,
Exult, ye young and gay,
For the poorest of old London poor
Shall fare like lords to-day ;—
A day looked forward to for years,
Foretold of sages long ;
An answer to the people's prayers,
Rich source of future song.

Rejoice, O every British heart,
That dwells in alien lands ;
Rejoice, all ye who subjects are
Where Britain's Queen commands ;
Rejoice, ye men of Canada,
This triumph is your own ;
Rejoice, this is the proudest day
The Empire yet hath known.

And Australasia will rejoice,
Her sons are British too ;
New Zealand shareth in the joy,
Her sons are stout and true ;
While at the Cape will loyal hearts
Rear England's Lion high,
And shouts of joy from out her vales,
Will vibrate to the sky.

In India, the Union Jack
Shall flutter to the air,—
She too will with the rest rejoice,—
Our Queen is Empress there ;
And old Guiana will rejoice,
For Britain guards her own,
And all will bless as with one voice,
The Queen on England's throne.

And shouts and adulations loud
Shall swell o'er every sea,
And to all continents the joy
Of one vast jubilee.
Exult, ye sage and mighty ones,
Exult, ye fair and gay,
For England's proud nobility
Will fare like kings to-day.

CANADA'S JUBILEE GREETING.

With loyal greetings from a loyal land
We tender now to thee the reverence due,
Most Royal Queen, as we a joyous band
Of loving colonists and subjects true,
Embrace this happy privilege to shew
Our loyalty, our love and our esteem ;
And thus our firm allegiance we renew
To thee whose reign (to us a glorious theme)
Surpasseth all the hopes of monarch's proudest dream.

In honor of this day our songs arise,
With acclamations every voice swells out,
Till the notes quaver to the vaulted skies,
And old and young their adulations shout,
And every city forms a joyous rout
Throughout the land, grown prosperous 'neath thy sway ;
And native bards enraptured sing about
The glory and the triumph of this day,
The fame of which shall live, though chronicles decay.

Most blest of monarchs, we from out the west
Send messages of gladness unto thee ;
And gifts and gratulations to attest
The fixed standard of our loyalty.
We are thy people, and we joy to see
The triumph of thy life and of thy reign,
And of this day of thy great Jubilee.
When shall the earth behold such day again,
Or to such height of glory, Monarch, e'er attain ?

May there succeed, when God hath pleased to crown
With an immortal wreath thy queenly brow,
And thou hast lain proud England's sceptre down,
A monarch good and wise as ruleth now ;

And may our Empire still in greatness grow,
With bonds of love made strong across the sea,
And may it ne'er to wicked counsel bow,
God grant it now and evermore shall be
The bulwark of Christ's faith, the stronghold of the free.

LADYSMITH.

The garrison still holds on
With hearts that know no fear ;
"We'll stem the tide till our rescue's won,
We'll fight,"
Said White,

"While a man is left of us here."
Like Britons, they hold their own,
The relieving column is drawing near,
And the garrison still holds on.

Respite ? Is there respite in hell ?
And the Maxims still rage on ;
Mauser bullet and shrapnel shell,
Steel and powder their death notes tell,
But this tireless band they cannot quell,
Their courage is not gone ;
Where the storm is hottest they bear them well,
And the garrison still holds on.

The Irishman's bold to attack,
The foremost where valor can go ;
The Scotchman no courage doth lack,
His onslaught his foemen well know ;
And the Englishman's stubborn and wouldn't turn
If the devil was heading the foe ; [back,
But here they three are as one,
While the odds are as one to three.

Long Tom, Mauser and Maxim gun
Still pepper away, and they three to one
Who storm them from the lea,
And wherever they dare oppose their crests,
True British valor their course arrests ;
Poor devils, they've found there is no fun
In charging a rampart of British breasts ;
And the garrison still holds on.

Maxim and shrapnel shell,
As from a crater's womb,
Destruction dire and fell,
And bullets winged with doom
Hiss without intermission,
Upon their deadly mission ;
And yet this noble, loyal-hearted band,
True to their Queen and to their motherland,
With fixed devotion and untiring zeal,
And unabated energy attack
Where most the enemy their strength reveal,
And from their guarded ridges hurl them back,
Teaching them to respect the British steel,
Though oft too dear they pay
For triumphs of the day ;
And the garrison still holds on.

Though raging shrapnel shell
In furious storms assail ;
Though murd'rous bullets on them tell
Their showers of hellish hail,
They will not yield, they will not fly.
They cannot fail, though heroes die,
They'll not have died in vain ;
Though hosts on hosts their ranks beset
By British steel those hosts are met,
And driven back again.—
And the garrison still holds on.

O, loyal-hearted, hero band,
You've grandly borne the fray ;
You've forced the foeman hand to hand,
You've held his hosts at bay ;
 Not all in vain
 The British slain
In Freedom's cause on hill and veldt lie sleeping ;
The British flag triumphant yet shall reign,
 'Twill not dishonored be
 While such as ye
Shall be entrusted to its honor's keeping,—
And the garrison still holds on.

The relieving column is here at last !
With steadfast courage that could not tire,
They've marched 'neath tropical sun, they've passed
Through flood and tempest and battle's fire,
 And now they're here,
 Be of good cheer ;
Soon shall you rise in Freedom's full possession,
And in a glorious conquering procession
March ruthless on the ruthless foe ;
From conquest unto conquest in succession,
Till the oppressor's pride shall be brought low,
And Freedom's name more than a profession.

Long will your names loud in men's praises swell,
And future warriors with glowing pride shall tell
How White defended Ladysmith so well ;
Brave, patient, loyal, hopeful, cheerful, stout,—
The garrison held out !

WHITE.

Emblem of purity, emblem of age,
Emblem of virtue and might,
Measuring Humanity, this be your gauge,
He that is worthy is "White."

What language is there equal to the task,
But for a little while,
To name the praise of him who well can bask
Beneath a nation's smile?

We call him hero,—word too oft assigned
To men of meaner clay ;
We want a synonym to match his mind,
A fit word to portray
The virtue, valor, patience, power, of him,
The idol of all hearts,
Before whose name will heroes' stars grow dim ;
Man of exhaustless parts,
Whose will did not his loyalty belie,
Nor wakefulness his will ;
His is the lion heart, the eagle eye,
Mated with matchless skill,
Untiring energy, a firm belief
In those he did command,
A peerless general, a model chief,
Fit leader for such band ;
Nobly did they their country's honor hold,
Her flag from shame to save.
Each man among them worth his weight in gold,—
The bravest of the brave,
A band of heroes ; but what worthy name
Shall we to him ascribe,
Now standing topmost on the round of fame ?
Fame's self could not inscribe
A fitting eulogy for his reward,
No praise can name him right.

Call him not chief, nor prince, nor king. nor lord,
Nor baronet, nor knight,
Nor earl, nor duke, nor count, such names are tame
Before the dazzling light
Of that once humble, plain, familiar name,
The now immortal "White."

CAPITULATED.

The sun had sunk below the western sky,
And darkness hinted rest,
The weary soldiers, worn out fighting, lie
Asleep on terror's breast.

All round the field lay those for days before
Had nobly stood at bay,
Now dead or wounded, fest'ring in their gore,
Or slumb'ring deep they lay.

He could not sleep, the leader of the band,
Dreading the morrow's fray ;
He knew the chieftain of the foe had planned
A fiercer charge next day.

He knew the army him engirdling round
Within the darkness still,
Had sternly sworn upon that bloody ground,
To 'venge Majuba Hill.

His heart grew sick within him as he viewed
The carnage wrath had spread,—
Heaps upon heaps, a ghastly multitude,
The quick among the dead.

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For the first time did horror's picture make
An impress on his mind,—
For the first time his heart did pity shake
With feelings for his kind.

Stubborn and tameless as the lion's brood
That roams his native hills ;
Fierce, stern and ruthless, of a fiery mood
When wrath his bosom fills.

Strong in self-confidence, in person strong,
Whose zeal no loss could chill ;
Wisdom and artfulness to him belong,
Stout heart and iron will.

Unknown was he to quail before a foe,
Untaught in fight to yield ;
He'd rather like the Spartan homeward go,
Back borne upon his shield

But all his valor now can naught avail,
Hard driven to the wall ;
Even his mightiest efforts can but fail,—
There's but to yield or fall.

Vain are his eyes inviting soothing sleep,
'Mongst dead and dying there ;
As on that fearful midnight dark and deep
He's wrestling with despair.

In agony of woe his bosom shakes,
The midnight hour is past ;
But hark ? what sound is that the stillness breaks
With noise of trampling fast ?

'Tis the Canadians, who onward bound
Like mountain lions ; they
Faster and fiercer chase across the ground
Than wolves upon their prey.

See how they're rushing to'ard the head laager,
Near, and still more near ;
Boldly they face the hurricanes of war,
Unchecked by thought of fear.

And now they press the trenches deep and strong,
Along the river's bed,
Waiting the day to rise,—perchance ere long
To set in bloodier red.

And Cronje heard, nor shuddered he before,
Nor yet hath shook through fear ;
He knew his hope of succor now was o'er,
The day is drawing near,—

A day, if he prove stubborn, shall eclipse
All days of wrath and gloom,
When shall be written from the cannons' lips
And sealed in blood his doom.

He knew if he the foeman longer scorn,
'Twould be but tempting fate,
And his wrecked army on this very morn
They would annihilate.

The morn hath dawned ; to him, the bold of heart,
Stern war had lost its charms ;
His wisdom proved his valor's better part,
And he laid down his arms.

BADEN POWELL AND HIS BAND OF DEFENDERS.

With ardent will and iron nerve, a heart
As true as tempered steel,
He hath heroically performed his part,
Guarding his country's weal.

Awake to every danger, an expert
In 'fence and strategy,
A mind of subtle wit, with eye alert,
And soul of energy.

His is a spirit worthy of the days
Of glorious chivalry ;
Meet his reward,—a grateful people's praise,
An empire's vast and free.

Steady midst dangers, buoyant, bright and gay,
As cheerful as the dawn,
Light-hearted as the bird that skips in May,
About the freshening lawn.

Yet stern to duty leader staunch and bold,
A power in freedom's cause,
Nobly did he his country's rights uphold,
Her queen, her flag, her laws.

No trial could his genius overtax,
No task could wear him down,
Beset by hordes, he'd not his hold relax
Upon that little town.

There needs not minstrel ballad to set forth
His fame before all eyes ;
His fixed devotedness, his loyal worth,
His patient sacrifice.

His name is graved upon the people's hearts,
With honors brightly set,
Worthy a title whence a peerage starts,
Worthy a coronet.

Beset with foes outnumb'ring ten to one,
He and his tireless few,
Have held their ground 'gainst shell and Mauser gun,
Those gallant hearts and true.

And not content to tamely hold their own,
They charge the opposing hosts,
Thinking o'er walls of sand, o'er kop and stone,
To drive them from their posts.

And failing that, they still their 'fence make good,
And hold the foemen back ;
Firmly have they the fiercest shock withstood,
Repulsing each attack.

They're worthily entrusted to the guard
Of Britain's grand old flag ;
Though they be hungered, bronzed and battle-scarred,
Their flag a tattered rag,

That flag floats on, defying shot and shell,
And foemen's treacherous ire,
Flutt'ring in shreds o'er hearts who guard it well
With love that cannot tire.

And they're content to fight and suffer so,
If thus they may uphold
Old Britain's rights, teaching her foes to know
She's greater than of old.

Praise to the chief, praise to that little band
Who've nobly held their own,
Type of the guardians of the motherland,
Bulwarks of England's throne.

TO OUR SUCCESSORS.

Ye men of coming ages
Who shall entail our name,
Heirs to the gilded pages
Of ever-living fame,
In all you'll be partakers,
And we are history-makers.

And as we now find glory
In what our sires of old
Have left in wondrous story
Of deeds to fame enrolled,
On you shall shine resplendent
Our glory thus attendant.

And as our sires have bled for
And died in Freedom's cause,
So we our blood would shed for
Her rights and righteous laws,
As they were liberators
We'll be their imitators.

And what their heroes fought for
With life we will defend,
And what their sages wrought for
We'll hold unto the end,
And never will we shame them
So long as we can claim them.

Thus will our name in story
Of ever-living fame,
Add lustre to the glory
That shines around their name
So shall our memory flourish
In deeds that cannot perish.

And ye who do inherit
Our titles, fame and laws,
Endowed with the same spirit
To fight in freedom's cause,
For which we animate you,
To which we consecrate you.

HAVE AN EYE TO THE EAST.

Have an eye to the East, ye men of the West,
Soldier and sage and priest,
For a sense of inquietude marreth the rest
Of Europe, her greatest and least.
And the German boar, and the Russian bear
Are striving to grasp the lion's share.
But, O ye men of the North, beware,
For the West has an eye to the East.

Have an eye to the East, 'tis still our right
To aye have an eye to the East ;
Soldier and statesman and man of might,
Prophet and poet and priest,
All for the sake of the human weal ;
Ours is the duty and ours we feel
The privilege for the wronged to appeal
With might by the right increased.

Have an eye to the East ! Yes, who will dare
Challenge our right to claim
For the wronged and oppressed a guardian's care,
We sons of the heirs of fame.
Though the eagle may peck at the dragon's crest,
And the bear may growl and the boar molest,
We will check them all with their boasted best,
For the honor of Britain's name.

Have an eye to the East ! We will ! we will !
And oppression may well beware,
While Britain has statesmen and soldiers of skill,
And Britain has sons to dare,
The sun of freedom shall never wane,
Nor the voice of the wronged appeal in vain,
While Britain has armaments on the main,
And her lion can guard its lair.

Have an eye to the East ! Yet who will then,
Who will our allies be,
When we are championing with our men
The cause of liberty ?
Yes, there is a country will take its stand,—
Sprung from the loins of the Mother-land,—
Who with sword and pen, with heart and hand,
Will fight that mankind be free.

Have an eye to the East, ye men of the West,
For the weal of the human race ;
Whose cause is just, his hand is blessed
With progress, and power and place.
And a mightier eagle doth now advance
Than ever was that of old Rome or France,
And it grows in might as it takes its chance
With the English-speaking race.

THE MARCH OF FREEDOM.

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah for the march
Of the Anglo-Saxon race !
Let progress rear a triumph arch,
And wrong to right give place ;
For the morn hath dawned from a long dark night
Of chains and tyrant sway,
And the sun is rising along the height,
Foretelling a brighter day.

The world in darkness hath slumbered deep,
But the time is now at hand
When the trumpet of freedom shall break the sleep
Of the wronged of every land ;
And the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack,
When side by side unfurled,
In a righteous cause will turn not back,
For the threats of an envious world.

We'll care not for those who our march may oppose,
Nor those may assail our flanks ;
But the war we'll wage against freedom's foes,
And freemen will swell our ranks ;
And tyrants will tremble and quake with fear
When they hear our army's tread,
And slavery will drop its chains where'er
Is seen our banner's spread.

Our march will be with stupendous force,
O'er mountain and plain and sea,
And no league of oppressors shall mar our course,
Till slaves of all lands be free.
And the sons of freedom shall all rejoice,
And join in a countless throng,
And with one accord, with jubilant voice,
Unite in a loftier song,

Singing Hurrah ! Hurrah for the march
Of the Anglo-Saxon race !
Let progress rear a triumph arch,
And wrong to right give place ;
For the world hath dawned from a long dark night
Of chains and tyrant sway,
And the sun hath risen above the height,
To the morn of a brighter day.

A CANADIAN PATRIOTIC SONG.

All honor to proud Britain's Queen,
And Britain's Empire too,
And to the glorious Union Jack,
The flag, red, white and blue,
Which we'll sustain,
With might and main,

Where'er the breezes fan her,
On field or wave,
Or die to save
The honor of our banner.

For we are men of rugged mould,
As ever woman bred,
And we are men as firm and bold,
As e'er for country bled,
With hearts as true
As ever knew
The glow of patriot zeal,
Strong as a tower,
When dangers lower,
Threat'ning our country's weal.

Though much we love our native land.
The Britain of the west,
Yet more we love our motherland,
Rock-built on ocean's crest ;
She is our own,
Her Queen, her throne,
Her honor we'll defend,
'Gainst wrong and might,
We'll fight for right
And Britain to the end.

Then honor to proud Britain's Queen,
And Britain's empire too,
And to the glorious Union Jack,
The flag red, white and blue,
Which we'll sustain,
With might and main,
Where'er the breezes fan her,
On field or wave,
Or die to save
The glory of that banner.

THE SONG OF THE LOYAL.

Come, raise the shout,
Let the notes swell out
To the utmost skies of the north ;
Let the hills resound
To the trumpets' sound
Let the mightiest come forth

And take their stand
For the mother-land ;
Her children all are we,
And side by side
With loyal pride,
We'll fight for the Queen of the Sea.

Then raise the shout,
Let the notes swell out
To the utmost bounds of the south,
Of her fame proclaim,
And the might of her name
Through the trumpet and cannon's mouth.

Let the bugle peal
'Mid the clash of steel,
And the battle's deafening roar,
As we rush on the foe,
And the world will know
The old lion is roused once more.

Then raise the shout,
Let the notes swell out
To the utmost eastern star,
For we're all the same,
With the same proud aim,
Wherever we Britons are.

All free and brave,
On field and wave,
And we shall not know disgrace ;
And our country's fame
And the might of her name,
Through all lands shall hold its place.

Then raise the shout,
Let the notes swell out
To the utmost verge of the west ;
Let the east and the north
And the south shout forth,
For the land that we love the best.

And this grand old land
Shall forever stand,
The first in might and fame ;
And we all will fight
For truth and right,
And Britain's glorious name.

ISOLATED BRITAIN.

Alone she stands upon her ocean throne,
In calm majestic pride ;
Firm and inflexible she stands alone,
And half the world allied

To consummate her ruin, for her foes
Are myriad as her sands ;
Yet she is strong aggression to oppose,
When right her sword commands.

Is she not ocean's queen ? Hath not her fleet
Done wondrous deeds before ?
Has she not men of valor, to repeat
The bravest acts of yore ?

Shall not her prowess stand as good as when
The Armada she o'erthrew ?
Can she not boast as skilled and gallant men
As charged at Waterloo ?

And they shall conquer as their sires have done
On fields of lasting glory ;
And make the splendor of old England's sun,
Still brighter shine in story.

Then why should she be daunted on her throne,
Inviolable by the sea ;
Alone she stands, but standing thus alone,
She claims supremacy.

She has her guns and ships upon the main,
By sons of heroes manned ;
And they her former glory will maintain,
Backed by her soldier band.

She hath her God, the Christian's God, whose arm
Is terrible in might ;
And in a cause that's just she fears no harm,—
She battles for the right.

A NATION'S PRAYER.

Lord God, we pray,
In this our hour
Of stern vicissitude and dire distress,
And sore dismay,
Thine arm of power,
That guided Israel through the wilderness,
And opened up through ocean depths a way,
May guard and bless.

The rumbling car,
The foaming steed,
The hissing shrapnel and the murd'rous gun
Slight terrors are,
A shaken reed,
Compared unto Thy wrath, Thou mighty One,
Thou speakest and they all are scattered,—
Thy will be done.

Do Thou make strong
Our arms, to smite
Down Freedom's enemies and their abettors ;
O Lord, how long
Before this night
Of slavery shall have shaken off its fetters,
When nations nevermore their hatred write
In bloody letters?

Thou didst permit
Our sires to break
The bonds of the enslaved in years gone by ;
Lord make us fit
E'en now to shake
The might of tyranny 'neath any sky,
Where freemen's sons for Freedom's sake
Would freely die.

Thou didst uphold
The right 'gainst might.
When Freedom's battles first were fought,
Ofttimes of old,
And put to flight
The tyrant and the oppressor, and hath brought
His triumphs as a tale that's told,
His pride to naught.

As yesterday,
To-day, Thou art,
And if we be Thy favored people still
Be Thou our stay,

That we our part
Of history to Thy glory shall fulfil,
Teach us to wait, to watch, to trust, to pray,
And do Thy will.

THE WAIL OF A NATION.

Weep, women of England, weep !
Each mother and daughter,
Your sons, your brothers like sheep
Are led to the slaughter.
O, when shall it suffice,
This dread sacrifice,
And the red blood poured on the earth like water ?

Wail, daughters of Erin, wail !
O'er sorrows appalling,
Your heroes are strewn o'er the vale,
Like leaves they are falling.
They lie on cop and plain,
You weep and call in vain,—
They slumber deep, they do not heed your calling.

Mourn, matrons of Scotland, mourn,
Disconsolate weepers,
The flower of your manhood is shorn
Like wheat by the reapers.
"Lochaber no more,"
Their warfare is o'er,
Your wailing can't waken the sleepers.

THE RESPONSE.

Brave sons of brave men born,
Who aye upheld the right,
Across the seas are borne
In Freedom's cause to fight,
With eager heart and willing hand
They go to aid their Mother-land.

They leave their peaceful home,
And hasten to the fray,
Far o'er the briny foam,
Ten thousand miles away,
And boldly there they take their stand
For right, and for their Mother-land.

Sad hearts they leave behind,
Yet manfully they go,
Perchance their death to find,
While fighting 'gainst the foe.
But if they fall, or if they stand,
They'll not have failed their Mother-land.

All loyal hearts and true
To Britain's Queen and laws,
They fight for me, for you,
They bleed in Freedom's cause ;
They are a tireless, fearless band
While fighting for the Mother-land.

God aid them in the fight,
Be Thou their rock and stay,
Their guide, their arm of might,
Till Right o'er Wrong holds sway,
As bold they battle hand to hand
For Freedom and their Mother-land.

FREEDOM'S TRIUMPH.

Freedom ever hath her heroes,
Fearless men to win her rights,
Their blood hath crimsoned many a battle plain ;
Though she bleeding lie and gasping,
Armed and mailed spring up her knights,—
Right shall never call for champions in vain.

England, grandly isolated,
Lifts the gauntlet of defiance,
And her sons go forth to battle for the free ;
In the justness of the quarrel,
In her God she puts reliance,
And her armaments are floating o'er the sea.

But there was a note went ringing
Like the tocsin rang of old,
And its tones reverberated through the lands,
From the sunrise to the sunset,
Southern mine and northern wold,
And Truth's heroes sprang to life in countless bands.

So it is and so it shall be,
All along throughout the ages,
Right shall nevermore be trampled in the dust,
Freedom's flag shall ever triumph ;
Where the battle fiercest rages,
Are the proofs that it doth triumph, and it must.

COLONIAL HEROES.

“They never fail, who die in a great cause.”

—BYRON.

Side by side with Britain's bravest,
They have stood the test of war,
To uphold the righteous rights of freemen's laws ;
They are gathered of the colonies,
From many lands afar,
To bleed and die in Freedom's glorious cause.

Some are wounded, some have fallen,
Many never will return,
Fireside will be desolate and hearts forlorn ;
Yet though long the fond and faithful
Sadly for their loved ones yearn,
There is still a solace sweet for those who mourn.

The mother who hath reared a son
To die while Freedom lives,
Can leave no nobler dowry to the race ;
She sorrowing gave her dearest,
All that she had she gives,
She proudly wipes the tear-drop from its place

She knows that 'twas the like of him
Hath made old England great,
And she glories in the promise of her son ;
She trusteth in her father's God,
And is resigned to fate,—
By freemen's blood are Freedom's battles won.

O Spartan mothers of a race
Greater than Greek of old,
You're sharers in the glory though your sons be slain ;

They bled and died in Freedom's cause,
Their lives their death hath told
Unto the welfare of mankind,—
They have not died in vain.

O noble mothers, yours the grief,
But yours the glory too ;
You gave your sons in Freedom's cause,
And Freedom's banner rose
Triumphant over tyrant's graves ;
And comfort 'tis to you
To know they never fail who die while fighting Freedom's foes.

ELANDSLAAGTE.

The glory of the British arms,
The honor of the British name,
The valor of the British race,
Embalmed in centuries of fame,
Doth greater grow whate'er betide—
Doth stronger grow whate'er oppose ;
Each age hath added to their pride,
Each year shall more their power disclose ;
As must'ring round an Empire's flag,
And eager for the deadly fight,
An Empire's sons join in one cause,
Their Afric brothers' wrongs to right.
From east and west, from north and south,
From distant corners of the world,
Is heard the tread of British feet,
Beneath the Union Jack, unfurled ;
And with no falt'ring step they march,
Nor timid mien nor purpose slack,
But with that stern proverbial zeal,
Resolved to win — they turn not back.
With prowess such as that of old

Won Cressy fight and famed Poitiers,
And many a British victory sealed
With valor's blood and beauty's tears,
They hurry to the deadly strife ;
They storm the rock, they beard the foe,
They charge the blazing rifle tubes,
Each bayonet lays a foeman low ;
And on they rush 'mid hellish hail
Of bomb and volleying thunder ball,
Nor pause, nor fear, they do and dare,
Though comrades sink and standards fall.
Lo ! with one mighty cheer they bound
Like maddened demons to the fray,
The last, the strongest ridge is won,
The foemen flee in dire dismay ;
And in the name of Britain's Queen
And Freedom's cause, they push the fight ;
A braver band was never seen,
Each breast a bulwark for the right.
O Britain, while thy sons can face
So gallantly an ambushed foe,
Think not untimely of disgrace,
Time shall not lay thy glory low,—
The Britons of the present day
Are as the Britons of the past ;
They rush like lions to the fray,
They conquer, once the die is cast.
The glory of a thousand years
Of hero deeds, they brighter make ;
Thine Empire's knit with blood and tears.
A bond not centuries shall break.
Could the vast warrior deeds of fame
Be in the balance justly weighed,
The British modern soldiers' claim
Might cast their laurels in the shade.
While sons out-emulate their sires,
While freemen fight that slaves be free,
While votaries feed Fame's altar fires,
Glory and empire waiteth thee.

WE ARE BRITONS ALL.

Our foes may scoff and rave,
And say that England's grave
Is measured in the rocks and vales
Of Afric's burning clime ;
Poor fools, they must forget
The stuff that Britain's made of ;
For she now is more alive
Than at any previous time ;
Her colonists heroical—
No foe they are afraid of—
All volunteer to aid her
Devotedly sublime,
For they're followers of the banner of the free.

CHORUS :—We are Britons all,
We are Britons all,
With the Empire will we stand or fall,
For we are Britons all.
We fear no foe
Wherever we may go,
For we are Britons all.

Freemen we are free,
We will always be ;
Freedom is our birthright,
And proudly we'll maintain it ;
Come what may, what must,
We'll not disgrace our sires ;
Ours is freedom's banner,
And we'll gloriously sustain it ;
Though the shrapnel scathe us,
Like a crater's fires ;
Ours is freedom's cause,
And we are bound to gain it,
For we're followers of the banner of the free.

CHORUS :—We are Britons all, &c.

'Tis loyal hearts alone,
That guard Old England's throne,
And firmly well together stand
Wherever they may find us ;
Based on the rock of unity,
We fear not any foe ;
Our Queen, our home, our mother-land,
Are bonds of love that bind us,
And whoso dare to strike us,
We can give them blow for blow ;
For the mightiest of empires is behind us,
And we're followers of the banner of the free.

CHORUS :—We are Britons all, &c.

THE LION IS NOT SLEEPING.

Who saith that Britain's star is on the wane ?
That she no more can boast her former might ?
That all her vaunts and threats are void and vain,
And but in war of words she dareth fight ?
That foreign foemen shall her flag debase
And she among the states hold second place ?

Ye who have deemed it so, behold her now,
Fenced in the armour of self confidence ;
Dark wrath enkindled on her mailéd brow,
Provoked by anti-British insolence ;
Behold and tremble, ye who are her foes,
They seek destruction who her rights oppose.

The lion feigning slumber doth not sleep,
But fattens on an interval of rest ;
Growing in strength and stature fit to leap
On whoso dareth his repose molest ;
See how he rears his noble crest on high,
With brow alert and calm majestic eye.

Ready, aye ready ! ye who rashly dare
Provoke his wrath, beware the consequence ;
Do not disturb the lion in his lair,
Lest gainst his rage you have no proper fence ;
He roars and empires tremble at the sound,
His cubs respond to him the world around.

From loyal Canada, from Austral sky,
From islands in the distant southern sea,
From India is echoed back the cry,
All, all respond in utmost harmony ;
And all are willing as at one command,
To fight the battles of the mother-land.

Then ye who boast that Britain's arm is weak
And palsied by the impotence of years ;
Ye, her hereditary foes, go seek
Some fitter pretext to dispel your fears ;
She quelled your hosts in many a bloody fray,
Nor is she less armipotent to-day.

Her floating citadels, her armored ports,
The wonder and the terror of her foes ;
Her horse-artillery, her bomb-proof forts,
Her sea-girt homes, and better far are those
Her loyal sons, each breast a tower of rock,
Bulwarks that retropel war's thunder shock.

Her star is in the flush and not the wane,
Behold these proofs, she knoweth not decay ;
Proud in her might, e'en now on wave and plain
She's helmed and bucklered ready for the fray ;
Behold and tremble to behold her wrath,—
He courteth death who goeth 'gainst her path.

A SONG OF CANADA.

We are a nation now,
Strong, brave and free ;
We to no tyrants bow
With craven knee.
We are a gallant band,
Brave of heart, strong of hand,
Aye for the right to stand
And Liberty.

We are our country's sons,
True is our steel,
Ready to shoulder guns
At her appeal ;
Ready to make reply,
Either to live or die,
No hearts beneath the sky
Are half so leal.

Three cheers for Canada,
Land of our birth ;
And whereso'er we stray,
Though we go forth
Far o'er the ocean's foam
Or foreign lands to roam ;
Still yearn our hearts for home
And native hearth.

Land of the brave and free,
Best land of all ;
Land of the maple tree
And pine so tall ;
Canada, our native land,
We're thine in heart and hand,
Ready at thy command
To stand or fall.

"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILDE, IT IS WELL."

Before the charge of the hill of Spion Kop by the British, Major Childe, of the South African Horse, had a presentiment that he would be killed, and requested his brother officers to place above his grave the following words : " It is well with the Childe, it is well."

God rest his soul ! his fight is done,
He lies among the slain ;
The charge is made, the hill is won,
He hath not died in vain.

His words of dark presaging sound,
Forebodings brought of dread,
And now beneath the bloody ground,
They've scooped his soldier bed.

Him now no trumpet call to arms
Shall waken to the fray—
He'll heed no more war's dread alarms,
Neither by night nor day.

Though o'er the turf where he is laid
The whistling ball his dirge may swell,
Peace yet shall bless his hallowed shade,
For Freedom triumphed where he fell ;
'Tis well with the Childe, 'tis well."

A SONG OF THE EMPIRE.

Shout for the soldiers of the Queen !
Such a fearless band was never seen,
Never since the world began,
Was there gathered such a clan
As are must'ring round the banner of the Queen.

Shout for her warriors stout and true !
They have got a noble work to do ;
 Theirs it is the wrong to right—
 God defend them in the fight,
Be their weapons as their hearts are, stout and true

Shout for the subjects of the Queen !
They're the loyalest of subjects earth has seen ;
 Britons are they, one and all,
 Ready at a moment's call
To do battle for the empire and their Queen.

Shout for each stalwart Johnny Tar !
Shout for each glorious man of war,
 And the hand that guides the helm,
 They're the bulwarks of the realm,
Ever ready for another Trafalgar.

Shout for the empire of the Queen !
We'll its unity defend with dauntless mien ;
 Clasp your hands the world around,
 With one heart we will be found
Ever beating for the empire and our Queen.

Shout for the banner of the free !
Proudly wave it over land and sea,
 May it while in war unfurled,
 Prove before a trembling world
That a Briton shall in every land be free.

BRITISH WAR SONG.

Muster, Britons, from the corners of the world !
Form your ranks beneath the Union Jack unfurled
 We will flame it to the breeze,
 We will flaunt it o'er the seas,
We will follow it where thunderbolts are hurled.

Blow the bugle with a summons loud and shrill,
Call the herdsman, call the shepherd from the hill,
 Call the farmer from the plough,
 Call the artisan, for now
Is the day, the hour our duty to fulfil.

We have boasted of our loyalty before,
We have fought our fathers' battles o'er and o'er ;
 Now we'll fight our battles too,
 And we'll prove we are as true
As ever sons of Briton were of yore.

Hark, the music of a martial strain
Calling warriors from hill and plain ;
 British blood in every vein ;
 British rights we will maintain.
Till Freedom's foes are vanquished once again.

BRITONS, TAKE YOUR STAND!

Let your banners shake the dust,
And your swords be free from rust,
For a time of mighty moment is at hand ;
 Push your levies to the shore,
 And cut loose your fleets once more,
For a wave of rage pervadeth all the land ;
 Britons, take your stand !

Now's the hour to vindicate
Precepts of a lasting date ;
Now's the hour to prove your weapon and your hand,
 Now's your chance to win a name,
 And exalt your country's fame ;
For a sense of British honor doth command ;
 Britons, take your stand !

Shall we to a tyrant cower,
 Though his hordes of burghers lour
 Like a cloud of locusts dark'ning Afric's land ;
 Never shall the Lion quail,
 British hearts can never fail,
 For a sense of right doth nerve the weakest hand ;
 Britons, take your stand !

Sons of heroes, heirs to fame,
 Saxon, Celt and Gael the same ;
 Ever slow in minor brawls to lend a hand,
 Yet the foremost in the fight,
 When oppression shows its might ;
 And a sense of patriot duty doth command ;
 Britons, take your stand !

Forward, fight for liberty !
 Britain's sons shall all be free,
 And mankind assert their rights in every land ;
 For while Britain rules the waves,
 Those will find dishonored graves
 Who will dare against the right to lift a hand ;
 Britons, take your stand !

THE PRICE PAID ; OR, THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

There, in their last grim stand,
 Foemen on every hand,
 Fight a determined band,
 Mad with the fray.

Deafening the cannons' roar,
 Furious the bullets pour,
 There as they stand once more,
 Lions at bay.

Shells from a hundred guns
Vomiting wrath in tons,
Yet those devoted ones
Will not surrender.

There in the valley's shade,
Where death a feast hath made,
Solemn, but undismayed
Stands each defender.

There fights the Lion grim,
Fearless and full of vim,
All eyes are turned to him
Spell-bound in wonder.

Never will he give in,
Death ! He will die or win !
Hark to the cannons' din,
Belching their thunder !

List to the crackling notes
Winged from the rifle throats,
Drowning the wail that floats
For the departed.

Terror doth fill the air,
Tumult and strife are there ;
Rage, vengeance and despair,
Nerve the strong-hearted.

Cronje, for mercy, spare,
List to the women's prayer ;
Cronje, thy wrath forbear,
'Tis but insanity.

Surely it doth suffice,
Finished the sacrifice,
Paid is the Kruger price,
Staggers humanity.

There pity wrings her hands,
Mercy abhorrent stands,
Piety through all lands
Prays for submission.

Yet stands the Lion grim,
Caged in the river's brim,
Foemen environ him,—
Hopeless position.

Still do the missiles fly,
Dark'ning the very sky,
Thunders that roar on high
Drowned by the thunder.

Where in the trenches fast,
Adding to death's repast,
Carnage a heap hath massed,
Over and under.

Where in that bloody vale,
Raineth the hellish hail,
While barrier, moat and pale
Are rent asunder.

Shells with an earthquake shock,
Shatter the solid rock ;
Terrors that only mock
At man's disaster.

Thunders may shake the sky,
Shrapnel may flare and fly,
Heroes on heroes die,
Faster and faster.

What though their fate be sealed,
Never he'll quit the field,
To death alone he'll yield—
No other master.

Fiercely he stood at bay,
Grimly he faced the fray,
But pride at last gave way,
For peace he tendered.

And down his arms he laid,
The sacrifice is made,
The staggering debt is paid—
He hath surrendered !

ROBERTS.

Earth grows no laurels fit to twine
About his kingly brow,
Above the man ! so like divine !
We give him homage now.

The master-leader of his age,
Go search the world around ;
Name every chief on history's page,
His peer will scarce be found.

Than Nestor wiser to decide ;
Than Wellington to strike ;
Our mightier Marlborough, our pride,
Not earth has known his like.

To seek to swell his praise how vain,
He cannot flattered be ;
High as the hills above the plain,
The stars above the sea.

Is he above all other men
At war's stern game who play,
Who starts his hosts to fight as when
Parading—holiday.

While must'ring up in martial style
They form in fighting square,
Or lengthen out in single file,
And let their rifles flare.

God's pity on deluded Boers
Who come across his path !
Beware ! ye Burghers, when he pours
His showers of iron wrath !

Now like a hurricane he sweeps
Like terror o'er the plain,
Now races over deeps, and steeps,—
He never starts in vain.

O ! masterly he leadeth forth
Those men of nerve and brawn ;
See how the Boers are trekking north,—
Their hope of succor gone !

On foreign aid they now rely
No more, nor Kruger's word ;
Their courage fails, see how they fly !
When once his guns are heard.

They part before his very name
As chaff before the wind ;
Each rock's his stepping-stone to fame ;
What laurels fresh he'll find ;

On desert sands, on mountain tops,
His laurels brightly grow ;
Or on the veldt, or 'mong the kops,
Wherever fight the foe.

Wherever stands the foe to arms
His name is as a spell
To cheer his men thus 'mid alarms,
They've learned to fight so well.

He has upon his finger tips
All hearts at his command ;
And Kruger's fate in balance dips
I' the hollow of his hand.

Like airy eagle bold that swoops
Upon the carrion crow,
On, on to conquests, how his troops
The Burghers overthrow !

They falter not at rill or hill,
They falter not at ford ;
From conquest unto conquest still,
They harvest with the sword.

His sword is as a wizard's wand
That charms the hearts of men ;
What rebel dares before him stand
But loyal is again ?

He is a man ! and king of men,
The mightiest of his day !
Chiefest of chiefs, but mortal pen
Cannot his worth portray.

Whose name doth shine a glorious star
In martial firmament,
Above all other warriors far
In wreaths of glory blent.

Invoke an angel from the sky
With amaranth to bear,
To twine about his majesty,
And braid it in his hair.

Nor amaranth, nor immortelle,
Plaited in golden crown,
Can e'er outlive the songs that swell
To blazon his renown.

'Tis in the cause of liberty
He fights, and so will fight,
'Til Britain's banner proud and free
Floats o'er Pretoria's height.

There plant the olive branch of peace,
Forever more to wave ;
Let rancor die, and discord cease.
And hatred find its grave.

Toronto, May 25, 1900.

BULLER.

Leader of men, who goest in thy might
Like Caesar, forth to conquer, better cause,
Hast thou, who stormest in his eagle height
And airy fastnesses the treacherous Boer,
And hurls him from his cloud-projecting rocks
Whose strongholds face (Gibraltar-like their front)
Thy heroes, with an ever-threat'ning frown,
Deriding, as it were, thy magazines
And engines of destruction : hard the task
As ever mortal man was harnessed to ;
But thou didst face it with a dignity
Calm as the breeze that fans the mountain's base,
And cheerful as the rills that ripple there.
Though ofttimes checked, at others driven back,
Repulse and rally, rally and repulse,
With now disaster painted like defeat
In rancor's poisonous dye ; while all the world
Held critic eyes on thee, and foes would sneer,
More ready with their censure than their praise,
And prophesy the day of England's doom ;
That she, an Empire, had but feet of clay,
Whose whole fair form is gold and adamant.

And thou didst front with fortitude sublime,
And steadfast courage all unflinching, they
Who would belittle thy great master mind.
O true and noble heart that didst not fear,
Nor voice of censure nor the foeman's shell.
Reliant, patient, fixed as the rocks
Thy guns so long assailed thou didst withstand
Without a tremor or a falt'ring thought
The ire of foemen, and the scoff of friends ;
Nor did the bloody stain of Spion Cop
Dishearten thy devoted British soul ;
But with a master leader's dignity,
Withal a patriot's never sinking zeal,
Thy country's honor balanced 'neath thine helm,
And in thy hand the fate of Ladysmith.
Thine order was "advance" ! and though again
And yet again thy heroes met repulse,
Thy British pluck would still predominate,
Buoying the soldiers up with cheering words,
And guarding them as with a mother's eye ;
Well didst thou draw them from the dire event,
Serenely as retiring from a feast ;
In triumph or repulse there came no shock
Could mar thy self-sustained tranquility ;
Not for one moment did thy courage fail,
Nor martial spirit ever shift its poise,
Throned on a base of mental fortitude,
The equilibrium of the stars was thine,
Yes, thou hast stood the brunt and borne the fray,
And faced the shell and forced the ambuscade,
And stemmed the tide and stood the tempest's storm,
The sun, the rain, and stormed the towering rocks,
And driven the foeman from his mountain lair ;
"I came, I saw, I conquered" might'st thou say,
For thou hast broke the hosts, and scattered them
Unto the winds of heaven. Splendid one,
Right royally should'st thou thy laurels wear,
Who hast so loyally thy laurels won.

OAK AND MAPLE.

Hearts of maple, hearts of oak,
Two in one together blended ;
Never may the tie be broke,
Till earth's dynasties are ended.
There are coming better days,
For our union breeds reliance ;
O'er the earth our fame shall blaze,
By the might of our alliance.

CHORUS.

Ours the oak and maple tree,
Emblems of the brave and free ;
We are strong on land and sea,
Champions of Liberty.

Many fields of blood-bought fame
Won our sires from proud aggressors ;
We, in glory, as in name,
Are their heirs and their successors.
Though we are Canadian born,
We are all in all true Briton ;
In our hearts the name is worn,
On our heart of hearts 'tis written.—CHO.

Never Roman eagle soared
Over empire half so glorious ;
Never Macedonia's lord
In such conquests was victorious
As is ruled 'neath Britain's sway,
As was won 'neath Britain's banner ;
Fighting half the world one day,
With the rest to baulk and ban her.—CHO.

Twine the maple and the oak,
That their branches naught may sever,
Never be their union broke—
May they grow as one forever ;
Root and branch and stalk and tree,
Oak and maple waving o'er us,
While a brighter destiny
Most prophetic shines before us.—CHO.

The above lines were set to music by the late Professor Bonner.



SOME SONNETS.

A TRUE FRIEND.

Not in our hours of triumph are they known,
Not in the days of affluence and pride,
Nor when the soul rejoiceth, are descried
The ones we deem our friends. 'Tis when alone
We tread the winepress of affliction down,
And have its dregs of bitterness applied
To lips made mute with suffering. When tried
With wrongs and disappointments, and undone
By cares that can the mightiest subdue,
Wrinkle the brow grown old in prime of years,
Make desolate the heart affection's shrine ;
Leaving a rankling waste of doubts and cares ;
'Tis then we know to judge the false and true,
And by such trial I know such truth is thine.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

Think not that time or distance can estrange
The heart that leans devotedly to thine,
For know that still, where'er my steps may range,
My love shall be with thee, thy welfare mine.
I know no offering at affection's shrine
To be so true and steadfast as the love
Of a fond sister. Fortune may assign
Friends and admirers—many false will prove ;
But on a sister's love I will rely,
Which trials have not quenched, time hath not changed
Foes may assail and slanderers belie ;
Our hearts shall ne'er by malice be estranged ;
Others may list to envy's painted lie
But faith like ours shall ever be unchanged.

PROSPECTIVE.

I doubt me not the time will surely be
When I will claim thee, loved one, as my bride,
For I have not so much as gazed on thee
But straight I've felt my heart with thine allied ;
I know not why, but sitting by thy side,
I feel myself thy very slave to be,
And from thy bondage I've no power to flee ;
Or if I willed to I would lack a guide,
For without love to light my bark I'm lost
A shipwrecked mariner on ocean's tide ;
The winds are up and I am tempest-tossed,
Save, Hero ! save ! the waves o'erwhelm me round ;
I know Leander never more was drowned
Than I without thy love am shipwrecked here, aground.

LOVE'S MYSTERY.

O could I know that she had never loved,
Or if her love at last had turned to hate,
Then might I be contented with my fate ;
But such to me she never yet hath proved
Or else my pride had wrought my soul's release ;
Scorning to nurse a flame that is despised ;
Ah no, her love I will not dare to doubt,
Though her sealed lips disdain to make confession
That e'en for me she holds one thought's possession ;
There is a language solely of the heart
Which love alone can read, and till I cease
To feel the bliss it doth to me impart,
To read the heart of her I've prized so long,
Then will not cease my love, nor cease my song.

LOVE'S SORCERY.

Ten thousand spheres (had I the power that whirls
The planets) would I give to know her heart ;
Ten thousand times ten thousand geins and pearls,
(Were jewels mine) I freely would impart
Unto the sorcerer to me would show
How much esteem I claim from one loved breast ;
How I am thought of, or with love or scorn ;
This is the secret I most wish to know ;
But she, O, she, doth give me such unrest,
Till e'en with doubting I have grown forlorn ;
For now she smiles on me and now doth frown,
She now is kind and then again so stern
To me, that now I am with doubt cast down,
Still seeking for the truth I fear to learn.

WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

O eyes that will not look on me, and can
It be that I have so offended those
Twin mirrors of thy lovely soul, or shows
Thy soul so in such mirrors that thou fearest
I there may read thy very heart's thoughts, dearest,
And thus interpret what thou'dst not disclose
In speech or action ; thou art so reserved
In looks, in words and manner to'ard me,
And so thou seem'st to grudge me e'en a thought,
That it perplexeth me to look on thee ;
O miserly, O cruel, thus to bar
A heart that could repay a thousand fold ;
If love ask usury ; and yet I ought
To be content, if thus I have deserved.

TO ELLA.

'Tis not the beautiful that we adore,
For charming features or attractive grace ;
Nor yet the dainty dimples of the face,
Nor eyes of brilliancy, bewitching more,
Nor voice of silvery tone, whose notes can soar
In strains angelic ; these must all give place
Before such beauty as in thee we trace,
With which thy life is filled to running o'er ;
Whose charms are of far higher loveliness ;
The beauty of the face and soul combined
With purity of thoughts, and aims that bless
And lift thy life above the common kind ;
Such worth, such loveliness but few possess,
Yet with less outward charms we could not love thee less.

LOVE AND HOPE.

When love first enters in the human breast,
And hope the syren rears her castles grand,
And all is promise of a future bland,
'Tis then the heart, like bird that builds its nest
In loftiest cedars, whose sky cradling crest
Is shadowed by the mountains, from the stand
On which he builded his conceit is planned,
His future aims, love crowning all the rest,
But when those aims have but a failure been,
And what we've striven for hath been in vain,
And those bright visions that we erst have seen
In boyhood's dreams as dreams do still remain,
And even love that beautified each scene,
Hath vanished, save of memory the chain ;
As the shorn eagle never more may soar,
So spirit stricken we may hope no more.

ARMENIA.

O Christian Britain, is't for this that God
Hath given thee fleets and armies at command,
That thou shouldst thus ignobly, tamely stand?
Nor lift thine arm against the Turk, whose sod
Is teeming with our fellow Christian's blood?
Thou, who art mightiest on field and flood,
Fearest thou not the all-avenging rod
Of Him thou thus deniest? Ye who claim
To be His chosen people and stand so
In idle mimicry of power, with show
Of martial force—while rapine, sword and flame,
And devastation through Armenia reign!
How long shall yet her prayers for help be vain?
Her cry of murdered priests and virgins dragged to shame

LOVE.

O love! What art thou but a poet's dream?
A mirage vague, a phantom of the heart,
A fond illusion, the ideal part
Of what is least reality; the scheme
Of schoolboy's fantasies, the 'wildered theme
Of poets' sighs, a mystery thou art;
A dream's hallucination and a smart
To trusting hearts, a thing that doth but seem;
Where is thy dwelling? where thy place of birth?
Not in the beauty of a lady's cheek,
Not in the witchery of her smiling eye,
Nor in her fickle heart would I thee seek;
Thy place must surely be beyond the sky
For if thou dost exist, thou'rt not of earth.

TO ONE OVER THE SEA.

Unknown, unseen, and stranger but in name,
Yet of a kindred tie I now to thee,
Send my respects across the billowy sea,
Trusting thou kindly wilt accept the same,
And cherish it, a token and a claim
From one, alas, thou mayest never see—
You'll keep this page in memory of me,
Though such as it can never lead to fame.
There is a land where everything is fair,
Where sin and care and strife can never come ;
Where all the good and those who have been tried
Well in the fire and purged and purified,
Shall find a blissful rest, a peaceful home ;
O shall we meet and know each other there?

OLD LETTERS.

No, do not burn them, they are tokens dear
Of friends long since departed ; many a smile
From face beloved, and many a pleasure rare ;
Their language pictures of the times that were,
Their solace can the saddest heart beguile
With dreams of home and loved ones ; for a while
They bring the lost and absent to us near.
There is a charm about them that doth bind
The present to the past. They bring to mind
Vows that have been forgotten, loved ones dead ;
Their presence doth a halo round us shed
Of hope such as we pictured in our youth ;
They are the lasting records left of truth,
The fond reminders of the joys long fled.

PERSEVERANCE.

Must he who fain would climb the mountain's height
But falleth every time he strives to climb ;
Must he who fails in good at any time,
Who dareth to do battle for the right
But comes not off victorious in the fight,
Must he succumb, be trampled in the slime?
Disheartened? No. In failure there's no crime.
He should array himself in tenfold might,
And tenfold courage of endurance born,
And stern resolve to ever do and dare ;
'There's no excuse for him who is forlorn
When baffled, though a thousand times he share
Reverses ; better hold them yet in scorn,
Better still hoping die, than linger in despair.

FREEDOM.

Oh ! Freedom must thy banner aye be stained
With freemen's blood ; throughout the centuries
Hast thou no blotless page? By coward pleas,
When justice of a tyrant's rule be gained,
Or freedom by a slavish prayer attained ;
Then might'st thy blossoms bud on olive trees,
But lo ! the clarion soundeth on the breeze,
And war demands thy rights shall be maintained,
And Britain rising from her ocean throne,
Girds on her armour with majestic pride,
While envying foes anticipate her fall ;
Yet in thy cause she standeth not alone,
Her colonists are ready side by side
To draw the sword at freedom's trumpet call.

BRITAIN.

Britain ! thine arm is strong, the cause is just,
Thou goest 'gainst the oppressor in his might,
Who draws the sword in freedom's, glory's fight.
Or falls, or conquers, still redeems the trust,
The hereditary privilege that must
And shall be held by Britons for the right ;
Behold the swords of freemen flashing bright,
That slaves no more be trampled in the dust ;
See loyal troops from distant continents
Must'ring beneath the banner of the free ;
A precedent presaging great events,
A sequel to the page of history,
Indelibly in blood of heroes writ,
"No more must man to tyranny submit."

A FRIEND DEPARTED.

Bright soul, who brooked so long in clay to dwell,
And now art soaring heavenward like a star ;
My fancy sees thee in the sky afar,
Thou kindred spirit, whom I loved so well,
And now do mourn that thou hast left me so.
Throughout the day I feel one settled grief,
And dark'ning night but multiplies my woe ;
Such heavy sorrow findeth slight relief—
At night the soul will brood o'er friends long fled,
And call up memories oft recounted o'er,
With smiles of loved ones we may see no more,
And words that never can forgotten be
Until we, too, are numbered with the dead,
When friends shall join through all eternity.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

The last faint hope hath found its grave, and yet
The soul still lingers in its bonds of clay ;
The last pale star that lit life's bark hath set,
And leaves it still unanchored in the bay ;
Drifting upon a sea of vast regret,
A troubled sea, whose angry waves do fret
The pining spirit that would flee away—
Yes, flee away at last and be at rest,
Safe sheltered in some haven of the blest,
Forever and forever there to dwell
Beyond the doubts, beyond the cares of earth,
Beyond the memory of each sad farewell,
Where broken hearts are healed and joy's new birth
Triumphant is, where loud hosannas swell.

PEACE.

Come, gentle peace, be thou my bosom's mate,
Infuse thy balmy airs throughout my breast,
Soothe me to calmness, lull me into rest,
Make me indifferent of my worldly state ;
Banish from out my bosom all debate,
All inward strife and discord, all unrest ;
Thy soul-enchancing charms do thou invest,
And let no thought of past or future tease ;
Teach me to smile at wrongs and ills of fate,
Nor let despondency upon me seize,
And all life's meaner passions curb in me ;
And lessen every trouble, gentle peace ;
And O ! thy temple let my bosom be,
Where joy shall reign and sweet tranquility.

CYCLORAMA—GETTYSBURG.

Life-like and full of horror is the sight,—
The prancing charger that the ground doth spurn,
The fierce artillery and the rider stern,
The surge of battle rushing from the height,
The shock of armies closing in their might,
The smoke of cannon and the blazing shell,
The dust, the warring thousands and the hell
Of direful carnage in that pictured fight ;
There tattered standards lie by many a corse,
Bleeding and gasping on that bloody plain ;
There rusheth riderless the foaming horse
With madd'ned fury o'er the trampled grain,
And there, where havoc most hath spent its force,
Lie heaped on heaps, the slayer and the slain.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

Twelve moons ago thy brilliant soul
Shook off its bonds of clay—
'Tis now twelve moons since thy bark did shoal
Into that tranquil bay ;
Thus buffeting each storm and blast,
The weary mariner at last
The haven finds, the home,
The place of rest, the longed for shore,
And never shall he venture more
Into the billows' foam.

Thy bark is anchored from the strife,
The toil, the task is done,
Now finished is the fight of life—
The victory is won.
Thou now art reaping thy reward,
And round that throne by saints adored,
And 'mid the angel choir
Thy voice doth mingle with the song,
Whose loud hosannas still prolong,
Blest crown of all desire.

But can thy spirit o'er the pale
That bars 'twixt dust and thee,
Peer through that dim ethereal veil,
And view mortality?
Can thy kind eye behold me here
From that far throned and heavenly sphere?

No mortal eye can know ;
Can thy kind voice, that could impart
Such joy to my dejected heart,
Speak to me here below ?

“ Friend, though mortal, I behold thee,
And my spirit doth enfold thee,
With a guardian care ;
Through the night I do attend thee,
Through the day I do defend thee
Like a mother’s prayer.

“ Friend and lover, I did love thee,—
Sister, brother, none above thee,
Reigned in my esteem ;
Oft and oft we held communion,
Ours was fond and faithful union,
Ours was bliss supreme.

“ Woman’s vows are oft deceiving,
Woman’s frailty causeth grieving,
False was woman’s love ;
But the friendship that ne’er changes,
Like was ours, not death estranges,
Nearest bliss above.”

List the voice that so appalling
Breaks the stillness here ;
Angel music to me calling
From a distant sphere ;
Yes, ’tis thine—can be no other ;
Hail and welcome, friend and brother,
Spirit gone before ;
Voice that breakest through Death’s portal,
Whisp’ring to me of the immortal,
From the immortal shore.

“Tell me, spirit, such I hail thee,—
Though thy mortal breath
Sounded thus ere thou didst sail thee
O'er the shores of Death,—
Tell me, can the goal we long for,
Hopes we strive for, suffer wrong for,
Mortal e'er attain?
All the anguish and the scheming,
With the toil, the fret, the dreaming,
Must they be in vain?

“Is our life but worth the living?
All the ceaseless strife
Worth the care our hopes are giving
For the after life?
Shall our names exist in story?
Shall we share not with the glory
Of the good and great?
O to die and be forgotten
Like a worm, ere one is rotten,—
Shall such be my fate?”

“Thou wouldst know the unrevealed,
Thou wouldst see what is concealéd
From a mortal's eyes;
Seek not after what is hidden,
Long not for what is forbidden
Till the veil doth rise.

“Pine not, life's not in the grieving;
Only death is undeceiving,
Only heaven is bliss.
Keep the path that's set before thee—
Time may lead thee on to glory—
All is not amiss.

“ Yield not, though thy death is certain,
Which from life but lifts the curtain,
Noble be thine aim ;
Life's the labor, death's the glory,
Long the way that lies before thee,
Ere the prize thou'lt claim.

“ Labor is a noble duty,
Patience is a godlike beauty,
And of virtues best ;
He who longest bears the trial,
Firm of heart, with self-denial,
Is most surely blest.

“ Strive ; who braves life's battles strongest
Bide ; who bears the cross the longest,
Surest wears the crown ;
So the one who strives the hardest,
Him the fates the most rewardest
With the most renown.

“ He who yields not never faileth,
Perseverance much availeth ;
Energy is power ;
Honor ne'er was won without them ;
Fortune's self, should she but flout them,
Small would be her dower.

“ Bide fate's time, though life grow weary,
Courage, though the way be dreary,
Falter not nor fall ;
He who in his duty tarries
E'en his noblest aim miscarries,
His reward is small.

“Use the talents that are lent thee,—
He who gave them never meant thee
Thus to hoard them so.
Use them e'er the rust consume them,
Burnish them and thus illumine them
To a radiant glow.

“They will shine in brilliant splendor,
They will tenfold to the lender
Multiply in store.
Soon those talents will have mounted
To a goodly sum all counted ;
Still increasing more.

“Yet bright deeds shall live in story,
Aye the firmament of glory
Shall have stars sublime.
Strive with fate and overcome it,
And thy name upon fame's summit
Yet may blaze through time.

“Farewell now, my voice shall never
More be heard by thee forever
While on earth you dwell.
But my spirit shall watch o'er thee,
Making fair the way before thee,
For I love thee well.

“And when thou hast passed that portal
Which now bars thee from the immortal,
Then my voice shall swell
'Mongst the welcomes that most greet thee.
'Mongst the friends who gladdest meet thee,—
Till that time, farewell !”

THE PRIZE PLOUGHMAN'S SONG.

I want no blood-stained laurel wreath
To bind about my brow ;
I'll wear no bays from the field of death,
For I am lord of the plough.

You may boast your titles, your mansions grand,
And wealth of golden store,
But I sing of the hand that tills the land—
It feedeth rich and poor.

Some seek for honor in strife and war,
Which bringeth want and grief ;
I win my laurels without a scar,
For I am the ploughman chief.

I'd have no blood-stained laurel wreath
Entwined about my brow ;
I'd wear no bays from the field of death,
For I am lord of the plough.

Then hurrah for the man who tills the land ;
For he is the land's best wealth ;
And right and might is in his hand,
On his cheek the glow of health.

He toils to feed both low and great,
To pomp he need not bow ;
He envies not its proud estate,
For he is lord of the plough,

O, mine's the hand that tills the land,
And turns the furrow o'er ;
Though others may have mansions grand,
Content is at my door.

And I envy neither dukes nor kings,
As I thrive by the sweat of my brow;
And men of state are my underlings,
For I'm the lord of the plough.

Then weave no blood-stained laurel wreath
To bind about my brow;
I'll wear no bays from the field of death,
For I am lord of the plough.

LIFE A DREAM.

Life is like a dream,
Gliding like a stream,
Ever from the summit of its source
In the purple mountain
Flows the crystal fountain
To the restless river in its course.

As toward the ocean
With impetuous motion,
It clammers over rocks with murmurs hoarse.
Past the drooping willows,
Past the naiads' pillows,
Till swallowed in the billows is its force.

Such the dream of life,
Full of restless strife.
Such hath been, and such will ever be.
Onward, onward flowing;
Dreaming as we're going,
Dreaming, aye, of wealth and luxury,

And of hours of pleasure,
Comfort, bliss and leisure
Though we hurry on unceasingly ;
Dreaming, yet unheeding
How the dream is speeding,
How that time is leading to eternity.

Dreaming not we're dreaming
Life is but a seeming ;
Still we dream of love, and fame, and gold,
Never dreams reveal
Substance that is real,
Shadows all, and of ethereal mould.

Vain of gold the glitter,
Vain and sadly bitter
Is the dream of love that hath grown cold ;
Vain when life attaineth,
Glory, for it waneth
Lo the dream remaineth
But a tale that's told.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

Since we met last, long years have flown,
Yet my heart turns back to the bliss I've known,
And thy memory brings full many a sigh
For the hopes and the joys that have long passed by.
And I look back with pleasure, and fond regret
To the Elysian moments when first we met,
When thy life was young with its love untold ;
And mine was reckless, and buoyant and bold ;
But a sad, sad change o'er its fate hath passed
Since we met first,—since we met last.

Since we met last I have thought of thee,
But say ! hast thou even but dreamed of me ?
No ; why should a heart light and joyous as thine
Be wasting its thoughts o'er a life like mine,
Whose fortune hath failed, whose fame hath fled,
Whose sun the glory of which is shed ;
Whose star at meridian splendor did wane,
And the years of whose life have been spent in vain,
For care like a blight o'er his hope hath passed
Since we met first,—since we met last.

Since we met last, ah ! I'll ne'er forget
Those days of sunshine when first we met ;
And thy maiden brow was smooth and sleek,
And the violet blush adorned thy cheek,
And thy step was light as a fairy's dance,
And bright thine eye as a diamond glance,
And mirthfulness beamed in thy innocent smile,
And thy mellowed tones did my heart beguile,
Whose lot on a stormy sea hath been cast
Since we met first,—since we met last.

Since we met last thou hast not changed
In manner, or looks, but seemest estranged
And cold, when compared with the warmth of old ;
Why not when all else in the world is cold ?
Now cold and indifferent the ones I have known,
And those who were nearest, so distant have grown !
And the tongue that once flattered in slander hath railed,
And even the warm grasp of friendship hath failed !
For love, fame, and friendship with fortune have passed
Since we met first,—since we met last.

Since we met last,—but it never may be,
We meet as before when our hearts were free ;
For they tell me thou art about to be wed ;
May joy be thine ever ; may blessings be shed,

The richest, the sweetest that earth can bestow
On thy innocent brow with its loveliest glow.
May Heaven watch o'er thee, thy sun ever shine
In tranquildest splendor till life doth decline :
And may thy age pass as thy young days have passed
Since we met first,—since we met last.

Since we met last,—but alas ! farewell ;
Though thy memory still in my heart shall dwell,
Farewell to the smile, to the glance, and the tone,
Farewell to the touch that once thrilled to my own,
Farewell to the love of the heart I did miss,
Farewell to the dreams that once whispered of bliss,
Farewell to the joys that of Eden did tell,
To pleasure, to love, and to hope farewell ;
Fond hearts will have sighed for the love they once bore,
Alas ! and farewell forever more !

HOPE'S MIRAGE.

Our dreams shall fade,
Our aspirations fail,
And our realities
Be as a dream.

The weary-footed days go by,
Days grows to months and months to years,
And thus our mortal life doth fly,
All checkered through with hopes and fears ;
Hopes that are oftentimes lost in doubt,
And fears that put our faith to rout.

At morn of life we climb the hill,
And view afar with raptured eye
The glorious future ; how we thrill
With transport at the prospects nigh,
Till all our soul glows with desire ;—
A yearning after something higher.

Where is the rein can curb the soul
Of youth when nerved to loftiest aim ?
Hope pointeth to some princely goal,
Or flowery path to wealth or fame ;
And hope to youth is as a ray
Of heavenly light to mortal day.

Man struggles up the vast incline.
O'er rugged steep and glacier old,
He dives the deep, he delves the mine,
He dares the avalanche for gold,
He bares his face to polar skies,
He braves the death before his eyes.

His comrades droop,—he struggles on,
Nor fears the icy cataract
Or famished wolf,—his comrades gone,
And yet he faints not, turns not back ;
His step is firm as on the rock,
He cowers not at the tempest's shock.

But plods his way through polar snows ;
What matter if the wind be cold,
And hunger ravenous ! He knows
He'll be rewarded well with gold,
What though his limbs be scathed and scarred !
He'll surely reap a rich reward.

And thus he hath the heart to cope
With direst odds while still the fire
Of hope glows bright within, but hope
Oft fosters many a vain desire,
The brightest, swiftest to decay,
A fire that burns itself away.

What aims are 'rushed, what lives are wrecked !
What orphans' cries, what widows' moans
Are heard ! What sunless paths are flecked
With tombless corpses, bleaching bones !
The while more willing victims come
To be enriched or share such doom.

And till our sun of hope is gone,
We toil, we search, we wander far ;
We plot, we plan, we struggle on
With eye on gold or glory's car ;
We stoop not to the low and base,
We strive not for the commonplace.

We'd be the master, not the slave,
But 'tis the turn in fortune's round
Doth mar or make, or peer or knave,
Or peasant born or monarch crowned ;
Yet soon they'll all have had their day,
And all alike be common clay.

Then why the passion, why the strife,
Why spurn the rock in safety set,
And seek for sands with danger rife
To build upon ? Why cast the net
In unknown deeps ? Why do we roam ?
The greenest fields are nearest home.

A FALLEN STAR.

She nightly trips on the pitiless street,
As a watchman might, on his wonted beat,
 With the same sad smile and coyish glance ;
What is her purpose, what her aim ?
 Mark her timid look askance—
Surely, can she be a child of shame ?

All eyes are turned to her, she's so fair !
Who would not notice her, who would dare
 Question her purity ? Even now
There's a trace of innocence on her brow,
 And a child-like look—surely the same
Walks not the downward road to shame !

Alas ! Too true ! Yet that same young face
 Hath basked in a gentle mother's smiles ;
That breast in a lover's warm embrace
 Hath cherished a love no thought defiles ;
That brow a father's lips have pressed,
Those locks a brother's hand caressed.

What is she now ? A thing of scorn !
Outcast, abandoned, and forlorn !
 Wage-earner of the deeds of lust !
Owlet of darkness—one from whom
 All virtue turneth with disgust ;
A being in the lowest room

Of human degradation ! Still
 She walketh with a stoic pride,
As if her heart, ruled by her will,
 The scorn and scoffs of all defied ;
As if, poor, frail, deluded thing,
The pangs of conscience had no sting.

Lost flower, by sin deflowered ; a rose
Polluted, spurned and trod
To shame, her griefs she only knows,
Sad wreck of the gifts of God !
Pity her sufferings, pity her wrongs,
Let virtue drop a tear !

To the guilty, guilt alone belongs,
And, doubtless, she was dear
To some fond, loving, faithful heart ;
Perchance a lock of hair
Is worn by him who had no part
In the fall of one so fair.

Poor waif on the derelict bark of fate !
A gem in the ocean tossed !
Yet some heart still yearns for her, some one doth wait,
She's somebody's loved and lost.

THE STUDENT'S DREAM OF FAME.

Lo, the gleam of glory glistens
In the distance like a star,
And my spirit lacks resistance,
As I mount on fancy's car,
To restrain me,
And to rein me
From the dream of fame afar.

What is glory ? Youth may falter
At love's altar with his fears ;
Many things may chance to alter
His resolves in after years ;
But the longing,
The prolonging
Thirst for fame ne'er disappears.

Age may come, or envy's rancour
Send a canker to each joy ;
Foes may frown in hate and anger,
Fiercest passions that annoy ;
But the undying,
Time-defying,
Steadfast aim naught may destroy.

Agile steps will lose their lightness,
And the brightness fade away
Of the eye with fire that lightens,
Locks of brown will turn to grey ;
But forever,
High endeavor
Shall avail though worlds decay.

WHEN I WOULD WISH TO DIE.

When I will have grown sad and weary-hearted,
And flowers of life's young spring have lost their bloom,
And the bright stars that cheered me have departed
And left me in the gloom ;
When there's no meteor o'er my pathway smiling,
No lode-star to attract the weary eye,
No pleasing comforts to the soul beguiling—
'Tis then I'd wish to die.

When trusted friends I once in fondness cherished,
Whose sweet affection seemed both true and warm,
Have proved untrue, and constant ones have perished
Like flowers by Winter's storm ;
When fame hath proved a bauble, and the syren
Beauty no more hath charms unto the eye,
And cares and trials do the soul environ—
'Tis then I'd wish to die.

O when the hope that whispered once of glory,
And promised youth what manhood might attain,
Like a delusive dream hath sunk before me
Like seas on desert plain ;
When gold hath lost its splendor, and its glitter
Is as a mockery unto the eye,
And all the sweets of life have turned to bitter—
'Tis then I'd wish to die.

O bury me beside some gushing fountain,
Some bubbling rivulet, some winding rill,
Or at the base of some majestic mountain,
Where all is calm and still ;
For I have known life's whirlwinds of commotion,
The tumult of youth's breast when hope was high,
And when this pulse will soon have ceased its motion,
'Tis there I'd wish to lie.

O bury me within a bower of roses,
A bright but shady spot, a place serene,
Where blooming nature from the storm reposes,
And sorrow ne'er hath been ;
For I have known life's thunder-storms, and sorrow
Hath seared my heart till I have ceased to sigh,
But when my soul looms on the bright to-morrow,
'Tis there I'd wish to lie.

O bury me within no costly bower,
No marble carve either in praise or blame,
But as I've lived throughout life's toilsome hour,
I'd be in death the same.
For well I know that glory is a bauble,
And earnest praise as vain as slander's lie ;
So when I'm done with life and all its trouble,
'Tis thus I'd wish to lie.

THE OLD LOVE.

Fond ones may part in sorrow,
And eyes with tears be wet,
But new love on the morrow
Will come with syren voice,
And flatter and caress you,
And bid the heart rejoice ;
And earnestly impress you
That one easily can borrow
Balm for the old love's sorrow,
From the new love's eyes of jet ;
From the new love's amorous fire,
Its passion, its desire ;
From the new love's winning ways,
Its promises, its praise ;
That present bliss can cancel old love's debt.

No ; vanished bliss will leave behind,
Though with it hope hath fled,
A memory that will solace bring,
When new love hath no power ;
As the odor still doth scent the wind
Of the rose when it is dead,
And the swan its sweetest notes doth sing
When in its dying hour.

So the old love, yes, the old love,
We never can forget ;
But the new love will not last,
For some will be too bold love,
And some will be too cold love,
But the old love, ah, the old love,
The old love of the past,
Shall be forever yet
A joy, though a regret.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

When friends who once were warm, and fond,
And true, become estranged,
When cold neglect hath broke each bond,
Or pride their hearts hath changed,
Or distance leads their steps apart,
Or fate their lives doth sever,
There's still a solace to the heart,
Though parted thus forever,
That there's one season in the year,
With retrospective view,
Old friends, old scenes, old loves appear
To us, in life's review,—
'Tis in the merry Christmas tide,
When all we once held dear
Rises before our memory's eye
And fills us with good cheer.
Though oft the years have rolled around,
And many springs we've known,
And autumn's winds the woods have browned,
And winter's snows the hills have crowned
With grandeur all their own,
And many a summer's flown
Since last we met,
But yet, but yet
We'll ne'er forget
The ones we then remember,
Through years of tears,
And joyous years,
They'll make a glad December ;
'Tis sweet to view
The chosen few,
Though long forever flown);
In memory's eye,
It thrills a joy
When one is all alone ;

Yes, all alone at Christmas-tide,
To sorrow we forbear ;
All malice then we lay aside,
A useless thing to wear ;
With joy and pride at Christmas-tide,
We'll banish every sorrow,
As we revert to bygone days,
Whose happiness we borrow
At Christmas-tide,
Sweet Christmas-tide.

LOVE'S REMORSE.

O could I once again,
After long years of pain,
In rapture gaze on thy beloved face,
Once more upon thy breast,
Like young dove in its nest,
Flutter within thy passionate embrace !

Ah ! those were joyous hours,
When youth, and love, and flowers,
And birds of sweetest music did combine
To make our joys complete,
While thou wast at my feet,
And all the homage heart could wish was mine.

Alas ! the change since then,
Were I once more as when
In youth's rich prime thou didst thy soul out-pour
Through those melodious lips,
Which grief could not eclipse,
Nor the cold heart of her thou didst adore.

O for the songs of praise
Thou sangest in those days,
When earth appeared a region of thine own ;
Creating then to thee,
And I—ah ! woe is me !—
Disdained to be a queen upon a throne.

That throne it was thy heart,
And we in grief did part ;
For though my love did not accord with thine ;
I could not all refrain
Such passion and such pain,
Even to witness would a saint repine.

By time all things are changed,
And we have been estranged ;
But mine's the fault, and I have suffered more
Of sad remorse and tears,
Throughout the gloomy years,
Than cancels all my life's joys counted o'er.

Yes, mine's a settled grief,
And time brings no relief,
No recompense for that which might have been ;
My heart is woe becalmed,
And like a region damned,
A desert waste, nor flower nor plant is seen.

And thou, thou hast outgrown
Remembrance of the tone,
The form, the glance of her, thy boyhood's aim,
And fame doth speak of thee
In myriad tones to me,
Telling of deeds that put my pride to shame.

I hear of gallant deeds,
Of fame where glory leads,
Of battles bravely fought, of victories won ;
And, 'mid the loud acclaim
The voice that bruiteth fame
Doth tell me it wast thou that led them on.

Yes, thou art one with fame,
And when each mighty name
Is written in a scroll of dazzling blaze ;
Thine shall stand out most clear,
A new star in a new sphere,
That shineth forth in unextinguished rays.

And when the poets' pages,
Far down in future ages,
Are blazoned forth in thoughts and words that shine,
They never can eclipse
The music of thy lips ;
Nor all their works can match one song of thine.

And when in glory's room,
Helmet and sword and plume
Of warriors who have earned a deathless name ;
Are ranged in bright array,
Thine shall be there, and they
Will speak of Greece and thee in mingled fame.

Yet not thy fame I love,
Not thy high name doth move
My heart to yearn so hung'ring after thine ;
But that thy heart was true
Through joys and griefs, and through
Long years of absence, ever true to mine.

Ah, time makes few amends,
The dark, dark night descends ;
Where shines no star, and followeth no morn ;
Once more I feel the pain,
The madness in my brain ;
That makes me wish I never had been born.

Are we so ruled by fate,
To love when 'tis too late ;
Know our own heart when it were best not known ;
To scorn, to wrong, to shun
A heart, and when undone,
Wish—vainest of all wishes—'twas our own.

TO THE ROBIN.

Melodious bird that cheereth earth
With thine enraptured voice,
Waking the morn in joy to birth,
And bidding man rejoice.
Not beauty thine,
But music fine,
In notes of sweetest sounding
With ecstasy
Of melody,
The woods and fields surrounding.
Flows from thy throat a fountain's ease
In rippling waves along ;
Surely the soul thou canst not please
Is dead to charms of song.
Most happy bird,
There ne'er was heard
A voice of truer gladness,
Its charming spell
Can sure dispel
From man all thought of sadness.

Of all the things I've seen and heard,
From child in playful glee,
To clamb'ring kitten, bonny bird,
There's naught so glad as thee.

Thou burstest forth in joyous mood,
When Winter leaves the earth,
Wakest to harmony the wood
When Spring's first flowers have birth.
And well I know
Thy notes do flow
Sweetest of any time
When the first purple violets blow,
Like bard's inspired rhyme.

Thy tongue trills forth its dulcet notes,
As if, thy soul outpouring,
Thine would excel all other throats,
Thy Maker thus adoring.
Thou art inspired—
Thy soul is fired
With rapture all thine own.
Like a dream of youth,
Thy life's sweet truth,
Ere manhood's cares are known.

Most tranquil bird
Thy notes, when heard
By man in hours of sorrow,
Hath many a care from his heart deferred
And taught him hope to borrow.
Thy voice a balm to the couch of pain,
Biddeth the sad rejoice ;

A solace sweet to the fevered brain,
As the sound of a loved one's voice.
It falls upon the ear, 'tis heard
With joy that never dieth,

And the lonely are cheered,
Thou joyous bird,
Where'er thy swift wing flieth.

Bard of the sky, to thee is given,
A heart that knows no sorrow,
Thou dreamest of no future heaven,
And of no brighter morrow.
In tranquil, peaceful gaiety
Thy moments glide along,
The present is thy heaven to thee,
Its homage is thy song.

O had I but thine ecstasy,
Enamoured of the Spring,
I'd imitate thy notes of glee,
And teach the world to sing
Methinks 'twould cheer
Thy notes to hear,
When death my eyes are closing,
And do thou come
And o'er my tomb
Sing when I am reposing.

THE EXILE LOVER.

Night, with her many stars
Piercing those cloudy bars,
Waketh to music as day doth decline,
And as the nightingale
Singeth of love her tale,
So 'neath the twilight's veil
Sing I of mine.

Lo ! every primrose cup,
Oping the dew to sup,
Storing with nectar for fairies to quaff,
As doth the elfin sprite,
Putting the day to flight,
Dance 'neath the mellow light,
Frolic and laugh.

Night bringeth peace again,
Here while I banish pain,
And leave the world's tumult and strife with the day ;
Or by swift memory borne,
Far with her wings unshorn,
Back to my native bourne.
And my love, far away.

Softly the wind doth stir,
Sweet as the breath of her,
When sadly I kissed her and bade her good-bye,
Many long years have flown,
Many the cares I've known
Since we parted, my own,
Sweet Mary and I.

Soon will the time come when
We two shall meet again,
Then will our hearts become joyous and free ;
Soon will I reach my home,
Laden with gifts I'll come,
Never again to roam
Mary, from thee.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

When pain and fever rack the brain,
And the heart is grief-oppressed,
And the drooping spirit sighs in vain
For an hour of blissful rest.

A moment's respite from the pangs
Of burning fever's smart,
Whose torture's agonizing fangs
Cut deep into the heart.

'Tis then when we are all alone,
Or but faces strange we see,
We think of the smiles that o'er us shone
In the days of childhood's glee.

Ah, then, if sickness racked the brain,
Or fever fired the brow,
There was aye a hand to soothe the pain,
A voice to cheer, but now

There is no hand to smooth the pillow,
No lips with comfort blest,
To soothe the heart, which like a billow
Heaveth in sad unrest.

Her presence like a ray from heaven
Cheereth the couch of pain,
And through her voice is comfort given,
A sweet angelic strain.

Her touch like balm doth heal the wounds
The world and care have dealt,
And with her memory aye abounds
The bliss the heart hath felt.

Her smile is as a cheering ray
Of sunshine to the room,
And couch of pain, a type of day,
A star amidst the gloom.

TO A LAUGHING CHILD.

O thou happy little one,
With a heart brim full of fun
On life's journey but begun,
Thou'rt a lively little child,
Buoyant, innocent and mild,
With a spirit undefiled.

And a heart so full of worth,
And an eye so full of mirth,
Thou'rt an angel of the earth ;
And we cannot but adore thee,
May all sorrows fly before thee,
May blest guardians e'er watch o'er thee.

As thy years do onward flow,
And thou dost in beauty grow,
May'st thou grow in virtue too,
May thy beauty be a charm
Stronger than a giant's arm,
Fiendish passions to disarm.

May thy virtue be a shield,
Teaching vice to quake and yield ;
May thy lips with truth be sealed,
May thy life glide on forever
Like a gently flowing river,
Till death doth thy soul deliver.

INCONSTANCY.

When trusting hearts can trust no more,
And hope is as a sun that's set,
And the fond dream of love is o'er,
And life is shadowed with regret.

As pond'ring o'er departed years,
The sighs, the vows, were breathed in vain ;
Delusive dreams, bewild'ring fears,
And joys we may not know again.

The heart shall droop as doth a flower,
Transplanted on some barren isle ;
No dews to cheer, no fresh'ning shower,
No sun to warm with genial smile.

The dews of love whose balm was shed,
In vain, have lost their soothing power ;
The sun of love when hope is dead,
No rainbow leaves at sunset hour.

No promise of a brighter morn,
Succeeds the gloom of closing day ;
Alas that hope cannot be born
Of seeds that pride hath cast away.

The lavished love, the trembling sighs,
The anxious hopes, the secret fears
Rise like a vision to my eyes,
A retrospect of vanished years.

But vain ! though I may not forget ;
How dare I dream of love again ;
Alas ! the sun of love is set ;
'Tis but its shadow doth remain.

My love was as a sun, whose blaze
When cast upon some gloomy pile,
Finds no reflection to its rays.
No mirror there, no answering smile.

If cold neglect and colder scorn,
Could not the heart's delusion chase,
'Tis fit this breast should be forlorn.
Like ghost that finds no resting-place.

MAUDIE.

She is gone, but let her rest,
For her soul is with the blest,
Whose sweet life was as a short summer hour ;
Do not weep, but let her sleep,
For the God who knoweth best
Calls the blossom and the full-blown flower.

O, I never shall forget
Our darling and our pet,
Though she with us such a short while did stay ;
And she was so dear, so sweet,
That I cannot but regret
The hour that she was borne from us away.

So like a little fay,
Was she in every way,
That she could dwell no longer with us here ;
For her spirit was too pure
To linger on in clay,
So she's gone unto her own native sphere.

But I'll weep for her no more,
Who was gently wafted o'er,
To that realm where the blest can only be ;
Within a golden bark,
With an angel at the oar,
She hath glided o'er that sapphire sea.

So I'll bid her now good-bye,
And put all her playthings by,
And I'll pray to God for strength His will to bear ;
Till I too shall leave this earth,
For a land beyond the sky,
For I know that I shall meet with Maudie there.

LINES TO ONE IN SICKNESS.

Could friendship consoling
Relieve thee of pain,
Or accents condoling
Be breathed not in vain;

To me would the joy be
To soothe thee of woes,
And whate'er might annoy thee
Or mar thy repose

So quickly would vanish
From out thy young breast,
For all pain would I banish,
And give to thee rest.

But I'm no wise magician,
To heal at my will ;
No learned physician,
With cunning and skill.

Suffice that I pray thee
All joys earth can give,
And that thy lot may be
Long years yet to live.

And oh may thy soul be
When life shall give o'er,
As pure and as holy
As now thou art pure.

MIDDLE AGE.

A score and a half a score,
Yea, and a quarter more,
Have I breathed out of years since life began.
And time on fleeting wings
The rich midsummer brings
That meteth half the allotted days of man.

This is the time of life,
When man should cease from strife,
And think upon the journey but half done ;
And think upon the past,
The present, passing fast,
And think upon the future not begun.

This is the time of life
When man, amidst the strife,
The triumph, toil, the tumult, and uproar,
The pomp and woe of sin,
And life's incessant din,
Should memory cast back to the days before.

With retrospective glance
Of all that did enhance
The soul to scenes of pleasure, or of pain;
The longing and the fret,
The follies we regret,
Knowing we cannot live them o'er again.

The joys of early life,
When we were free from strife,
And all the soul was tuned to pleasures rare ;
The buoyant schoolboy days
When life was but one maze
Of happiness, and everything seemed fair.

The days of early youth
When hope, and love, and truth,
And innocence, and virtue did combine
To make each joy more sweet,
To make bliss more complete,
O, for such bliss what would I now resign.

LIFE'S GOLDEN THRESHOLD.

In the prime of thy life
With bright prospects before thee,
Go forth to the strife
In thy might and thy glory,
And thy rich manhood's pride,
While the bright, blushing tide
Of the season of sunshine doth with thee abide.

Five-and-twenty, this now
Is the season of truth,
When the spirit doth glow
With the impulse of youth,
And the breast is afire,
With some fervent desire ;
Some purpose, some object, some aim to acquire.

Though the years may be many
That time will thee render,
There will never be any
With half of the splendor,
Of sweet five-and-twenty ;
The rest will be lent thee ;
But these are thine own from Time's miser hand sent thee.

This, this is life's brightest,
 Its happiest day,
The fleetest, the lightest,
 The noon of thy May ;
While the pulse has the motion
 Of the tides of the ocean,
And the veins' crimson nectar the lava's commotion.

O I sigh for the glory
 Of my twenty-fifth year,
When the world was before me,
 Bright, prosp'rous and clear ;
Then uncurbed ambition,
 And hope's sunlight vision,
And love with its promise of bowers elysian.

Youth, pluck of the flowers
 That are strewn in thy way,
And enjoy the bright hours
 Of the noon of thy May ;
For the Spring cannot last,
 And the Summer's soon past,
And the Winter comes on with its cold northern blast.

A BALLAD OF LOVE.

I've knocked long at the castle gates
 Of her who was my promised bride,
But cold within my lady waits,
 With calm unalterable pride.

She does not smile, she does not weep,—
 She sends no page, no waiting-man ;
Her sentinels o'er turret steep,
 With visage grim my presence scan.

As there I wait and sigh in vain,
No promise of her love I see,
She heedeth not as I complain ;
Inflexible as Fate's decree.

From morn till night, from night till morn,
Those castle gates are bolted strong ;
My lady holds my love in scorn,
Ah ! wherefore have I loved so long.

I knock and call, I call and knock,
The porter doth no answer make ;
Only the old cathedral clock,
Doth notice of my patience take.

As it the time with measured chime,
Doth vibrate on the empty air,
And thus the time of manhood's prime,
It tells me I am wasting there.

I've knocked and knocked through tireless years.
Never for once impatient grown ;
My hopes have ever buoyed my fears,
And I till now no doubt have known.

But patience is worn out at last,
Fatigued with nightly vigils there ;
My vows unto the winds were cast,
My sighs, my songs to hollow air.

Farewell, farewell, thou stately tower
Of granite, crowned with ancient tile,
That overlooks my lady's bower ;
Farewell, I leave you for awhile.

I go, but when I come again,
I come with noise of martial din,
And I will sing a louder strain,
That she will trembling heed within.

I'll hammer on the castle gates,
With mailéd hands I'll rend the locks,
I'll hurl the sentinel who waits
With ruthless hand from off the rocks.

I'll storm that castle strong once more,
And I will claim my lady there ;
I'll bear her to a foreign shore,
Where she will be my bride so fair.

'Tis thus I'll win her heart at last,
I'll bear her far across the sea ;
Her pride unto the dust I'll cast.
Then be content her slave to be.

ALL ARE POETS.

E'en as a bird is born to sing and soar,
And spend its hour of summer in the sky,
The heart of man is formed for happy thoughts,
And melody and worship. 'Tis the cares,
Temptations, and vicissitudes that change,
Perverting, as it were, his very soul
From all that's high and holy to a state
Almost a level with the things that creep.
But in man's higher moods and loftier thoughts,
And pure conceptions, he the master is,
The king o'er nature's myriads. He reigns
And worships as he reigns ; the babbling brook,
The mighty cataract, the foamy sea,
The earthquake, the volcano, the eclipse
That blots the sun, the sun himself, the moon,
The stars, the flying orbits and the space
In which their flight is lost forever more.
The birds, the trees, the flowers, all things were made,

To be a pleasure and a profit to him,
And he with heart as whole as Nature gave
Doth find a pleasure and a profit in them,
Admiring as he praiseth, while at heart .
He doth adore the Maker of them all,
Whose homage is a song forever flowing,
Up to the source of all their loveliness,
Their grandeur, their magnificence, their awe.

All are poets on the earth,
Some are humble, some are great,
All are poets from their birth,
Though they differ in their state.

Some upon a winged pen
Soar into the highest heaven,
Gleaning noble thoughts for men,
Which are scarce to angels given.

Some sing songs of glorious sages,
Walking in the paths of right,
Sowing truths for future ages,
Guiding nations with their light.

Some of wars and armies sing,
Some of patriot heroes tell,
For their country and their king,
How they fought and how they fell.

Some sing songs unto their lovers,
Songs of love the heart to move,
Some sing of success and others,
Of their disappointed love.

Some of nature sing romantic,
Some beneath the stroke of wrong,
Sing of justice, deeply frantic,
Some have not the gift of song.

He is not alone the poet,
Who can write the verse sublime,
All are bards but do not know it,
Though they cannot scribble rhyme.

If one loves the book of nature,
And can read with real bliss,
Something from her every feature,
He the truest poet is.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

We build on hopes that perish,
Our fairest flowers decay ;
Loved ones in vain we cherish,
Our idols are but clay ;
Who when we worship fondest,
Pass as the flowers away.

We fancy some ideal,
Look up as to'ard a star,
And when we find the real,
E'en then in doubt we are ;
But doubting, know not what
We doubt each other for.

We are the dupes of fortune ;
We are the toys of fate ;
Our lovers we importune,
In turn importunate,
And strive to reconcile
Our hearts when 'tis too late.

We slight the ones who love us
With cold neglect we slay
The friends who constant prove us,
Our sagest councils stray ;
We prize the dross,
But throw the gem away.

While some we trust deceive us,
Why those we flatter scorn ;
Rejoicing when they grieve us,
Not grieving when we mourn ;
And then like hope they fail us,
When we are most forlorn.

Our dreams are all delusions,
Our aspirations frail ;
Our yearnings are confusions,
Our triumphs naught avail ;
The odds are aye against us,
Our aims forever fail.

With hope we bridge our losses,
With boldness veil disgrace ;
With pride we scoff at crosses,
But yield at last the race,
Convinced that all is vanity,
Save our last resting-place.

We build on hopes that perish,
In broken reeds we trust,
The baubles that we cherish,
The moth consumes the rust ;
Vanity of vanities,
Our all returns to dust.

THE MADMAN OF THE WILDS.

A BALLAD.

PART I.

In a cosy glade there dwelt a maid
By the banks of a noble river,
And with that maid a youth there strayed
Where the willows bend and quiver,
And wand'ring there, they two did swear
Fidelity forever.
T'was such a maid as is displayed
In poet's song and story,
And such a maid as those arrayed
In rays of saintly glory,
Or such as those in fiction pose,
Or history's pages hoary,
Or such as drew the gifted few,
The immortal ones on canvas,
With winsome wiles and witching smiles
That can so much unman us.
Or such as we in fancy see,
When fairy pinions fan us.
This maid and youth, true to the truth
Of earliest vows unbroken,
Impatient wait the will of fate,
Their faith love's only token,
When the rite be read and the "I will" said,
And the final vow be spoken ;
But alas, for they who trust alway
With faith that knows no failing,
Those loving hearts fate's mandate parts,
Their truth is unavailing ;
Life's wine of years hath turned to tears,
Its songs have turned to wailing ;
But wherefore dwell on what befell ;
While dreams her slumbers savor
There stole a band with ruthless hand,
No lover near to save her.

Tell not the tale lest vengeance fail,
A lonely grave they gave her.
There sleeps a maid 'neath the mountain's shade
By the banks of a noble river,
In her grave is laid in that valley's shade,
Where the willows bend and quiver
And the daisies cover the peace of her lover
Forever and forever.

PART II.

In dreary glades and lonely shades,
By bush and bog and fen
Where the wolf doth stray in search of prey,
Where the grizzly makes his den,
Alone in the wilds of the wilderness,
Far from the haunts of men,
He wanders like a being damned,
Cursed by the first born's ban,
Debarred of peace and fireside joys,
Degraded from the man,
Yet glorying in his wretchedness,
As only madmen can.
From him when in his raving moods,
The fiercest prowlers scare,
No life his solitude intrudes,
'Tis awful stillness there,
Save when his wails annoy the woods,
Aweing the wolf and bear.
The bat at night shrinks with affright;
Far from his shriekings wild
'The lynx o' the rock his notes doth mock,
With its wailings like a child,
Till the wilds around the notes resound,
And the caves where echoes aisled.
The timid deer with dread doth hear
The noise of his damned voice;
And the owl doth ruffle its feathers and shuffle
To a stiller nook of its choice ;

And the fox of the hills with terror thrills,
As he raving doth rejoice.
And he laughs in his glee so fiendishly,
And he shouts, "I have done the deed,
But wherever I flee he followeth me,
Like a ghost on a wingéd steed ;
Though my foes were three but the one I see,
He goeth wherever I lead.
But I do not fear though he's ever near,
For I know he is lying so
Securely laid in the valley's shade,
In a nook where the brook winds slow,
Where the willows shiver their limbs and quiver
Their leaves to the cadence low.
He's one of three will my vengeance see
Though they be sturdy-limbed.
What mattereth it when the time is fit
Their eyes will with blood be dimmed ;
And wherever I slay them there will I lay them,
'Neath the turf by my dagger rimmed ;
For vengeance I'll have ere I seek my grave,
Deep, deep will I drink of its wine ;
And I'll bide no home, but the wilds I'll roam,
Till such vengeance shall be mine."
He repeateth this tale with a hideous wail,
I have quoted it line for line,
But ever he wandered and ever he pondered
On vengeance from day to day.
Till he happened to meet at the mountain's feet,
Where his victim's victim lay
The villains, the two, whom he did pursue,
And he the two did slay ;
And he scooped them a shade with his dagger's blade,
And there he laid them to slumber,
And he murmured no prayer as he buried them there,
Where their forms might the air not cumber ;
So perish all they who do beauty betray,
'Tis vengeance hath finished the number.

SOME SWEETS.

SWEETS.

Sweet are the hopes of boyhood's days,
They bid the heart rejoice ;
And sweet to childhood is the praise
Of a fond mother's voice.

Sweet, sweet is fruit, the luscious peach,
The juicy pear, the plum,
The clust'ring grape within our reach,
And sweet the joys of home.

Sweet is the breath of balmy flowers,
When winds their odors move ;
Sweet the remembrance of the hours
We've spent with those we love.

Sweet is the honey of the bee,
The blossom of the flowers,
And sweet the breath of Araby,
As a taste of Eden's bowers.

Sweet is the food the infant drains
From a gentle mother's breast,
But sweeter far a sign of love
From one we love the best !

THE SINCERE.

Not all who speak of love,
Have ever felt its flame ;
Nor all whose fancies idly rove,
Yet say their breast is moved by love
Have ever known the same.

Some try, like bees on flowers,
To sip the sweets from all ;
Wasting love's sunny roseate hours,
Stealing the honey of the flowers,
And leaving but the gall.

THE PASSIONLESS.

I would not that one single tear
Should stain that cheek of thine ;
Nor that one timid doubt or fear
Should make thy heart repine ;
But I would have thy cheek to smile,
Thine eye to dance in gladness,
Thy gentle breast to bid the while
Defiance to all sadness.

May roses by thy path be spread,
While perfumes mark thy way ;
May sunshine ever o'er thy head
Make life one ling'ring May ;
May all that's bright, and all that's fair
And sweet of life be thine ;
May pleasure find thee everywhere,
Thy bosom be its shrine.

THE ACCEPTED.

My love's the queen of loves,
So witching and so sweet ;
Her eyes are like the dove's,
And her winning smile is meet
To lure a hermit from his sorrows,
And his solitude's retreat.

Queen of my heart is she—
I'd have no other queen ;
O more than worlds to me.
Is the smile of her, I ween,
She's the fairest, sweetest, rarest
Maiden I have ever seen.

There never yet were words,
Half rich enough to trace,
In concert with the chords,
With which to tune her praise ;
The beauty of an angel's face,
No hint of her's conveys.

She is so heavenly fair,
She is so wondrous sweet,
The birds do sing to her,
In homage when they meet ;
Her laughter's like the echoing rills
That play at the mountain's feet.

The sunbeams dance about her,
Her face is like the day ;
I could not live without her.
My heart would turn to clay ;
The sunshine of her countenance
Is like a morn in May !

THE ENRAPTURED.

Gentle is my love, my love,
With whom in love I am ;
Gentle is she as the dove,
Gentle as the lamb.

Gentle as the timid hare,
That skips the meadow free ;
O what could I with her compare
That would not favored be ?

She's fairer than the morning,
She's brighter than the day,
She's like a sun, adorning
The darkness of my way.

How could I live without her,
The sweetness of whose smile
A comfort sheds about her,
That doth me so beguile ?

Gentle is my love, my love,
With whom in love I am ;
Gentle is she as the dove,
Gentle as the lamb.

Gentle as the timid hare,
That skips the meadow free ;
O what could I with her compare
That would not favored be ?

THE UNITED.

As the rill unto the river,
As the river to the sea,
So my thoughts flow on forever,
Still forever on to thee.

As the moth unto the candle,
As the magnet to the pole,
So on thee my life is centred,
Thou'rt the loadstar of my soul.

Thou'rt that fond and faithful being,
That illumed my path of life,
When my heart was overladen
With the burden of the strife.

And the world was dark before me,
As by foes encompassed round,
I was weary of the battle,
Till in thee a friend I found.

And thy smile came as the sunshine,
Peering in a sick man's room ;
And thy voice was as an angel's
Whisp'ring to me through the gloom.

And the comfort of thy presence,
And the pressure of thy hand,
Were as potent as the magic
Of some sage enchanter's wand.

And my love I yielded to thee,
As I yield unto thee here,
All my heart, my hope, my being,
All that life most values dear.

All of mine is thine that ever
It may be my lot to hold,
Though my wealth were like a river,
Yea, a sea of rolling gold

'Twould be thine as well as mine,
As thou art mine and I am thine,
So we'll live and love together,
In a life through love divine.

THE WIFE.

Sweetest of sweets by which my life is savored,
And sweeter far than life my love to thee
Than all the love of life by blisses flavored,
Is from thy soul the love that comforts me ;
Sweeter than lips of rose, or rose's splendor,
Sweeter than of all flowers the rich perfume,
Sweeter than is at eve the twilight tender,
Thy honied breath, thy smile doth me illumine ;
Star of my hope, thou radiant sun of glory,
A fairy whom I ever shall adore ;
Light of my life, who would not bow before thee,
As I now stoop thy favor to implore.
I sue for love, thou grant'st the boon with pleasure ;
I sue for thee and thou art mine for life,
My heart's adored, my chosen one, my treasure,
My soul's anointed, peerless being, wife !

PATRIOTIC POEMS.

(Continued.)

AN EMPIRE'S JUBILATION.

Let each British heart rejoice,
And freemen shout with one harmonious voice,
And proudly flaunt the banner of their choice ;
Flaunt it proudly over tower and steeple,
Showing the triumph of a joyous people.
Wave it proudly, proudly wave it,
Freedom's foes cannot enslave it,
Though the blood of heroes lave it,
There'll be hearts still left to save it—
No, they never shall enslave it.
Ring out the tidings with a joyous sound,
Let the news echo to the world around,
That Britain doth again her foes confound,
Confound and overthrow.
And may she ever so,
Till all earth's slaves be free and tyranny laid low.

Now let the world be gay,
And anxious ones put all their cares away,
For Freedom now is having holiday,
Such a wondrous exultation,
Such a glorious jubilation,
Such a patriot demonstration,
Such a happy celebration,
Such a maddened congregation,
Ne'er before on earth was known,
Wondrous theme for contemplation,
Grandest triumph since creation,

Glorious epoch, glorious nation,
Welded strong from zone to zone.
What though foemen show their spleen,
Jealousy her venom green,
Our flag still floats triumphant and serene.
It triumphs for the liberty of man,
The first in freedom's van.

Let myriad, myriad voices shout,
And countless hosts join in the triumph rout ;
Let whistles shriek their joy, let bells ring out,
Let bonfires blaze,
And let each city's old and young their voice of tumult raise,
For on a mighty empire's deathless page this is the day of days.
Tumult on tumult, let the tumult roar,
The world such tumult never knew before,
Let loyal voices spread the noise from shore to shore,
The empire-making conflict now is o'er.
And Britain's cause triumphant is once more.
Shout with a voice that shakes the very sky,
Flutter your flags out, flare your banners high,
Let the kettles bang and twang and let the drums reply.
See the antics of the urchins as they're romping by, [noise,
With pans and cans and hollow things that make the biggest
On such a night of jubilee there's mischief in the boys,
For they're glad and mad with pleasure,
And they're mad and glad with joy,—
On such a night of jubilee, no one could feel annoy.
Let their hands build high the fire,
Anything to flame it higher,
Till it reach the very sky,
Like the star of Britain's fame,
Let it crackle, flare and fly,
While their voices swell as high
To the glory of her name.

Toronto, May 31st, 1900.

KITCHENER.

By hidden track, through secret way
He moves ; 'tis hard to find him ;
He's here one day and there next day,
And though he never comes to stay,
He leaves his mark behind him.

Of him who holds the hearts of men,
And e'en his chiefs, in awe,
I would, though with a humble pen,
A simple picture draw.

But would he stay but for a day
In one place at a time,
One might so great a theme essay,
And venture forth in rhyme.

How can we know him ? he is there
And here and everywhere ;
But seldom stays to fight his share,
Though in the fighting sphere.

Who'll wear his laurels on the day
When all the fighting's done ;
When Britain's flag and Britain's sway,
Will cheer the Afric sun.

When right will, like a beacon bright,
Allure the stranger there ;
(As plants incline toward the light)
Where all may freedom share.

When slavery, like a thing accurst,
Will droop its head in shame,
While slaves to songs of joy outburst
In praise of Britain's name.

When strife shall cease and fruitful peace
Succeed the battle's roar,
And joy with freedom will increase,
And slavery be no more.

To wear his laurels who'd essay,
Would not essay his task ;
Nay, could not ; but there'll come a day
When history will unmask

The worth, the power, the usefulness
Of Roberts' strong right arm !
The man of vast resourcefulness,
Who moves as by a charm.

Not great chronometers that note
The moments as they pass,
Nor clock from hoar cathedral's throat
Nor sands from out the glass,

Have more exactitude than he,
That moving live machine ;
A marvel and a mystery,
Man of undaunted mien !

Stern, steadfast and unwavering,
Strong as a tower of steel !
No wit his wisdom savoring
His lighter moods reveal.

He is all work, all motion when
He doth the harness wear ;
There lurks no laggard round him then,
For action all prepare.

He brooks no wavering delay
His hand once on the plough,
"Despatch" his motto is alway,
Work must be done—and now.

While all who know him fear him,
They honor and admire,
And every one a-near him
Is kindled with his fire.

Such fires as rushed his heroes on,
Who fought at Omdurman ;
Such zeal as has for aye undone
The devilish dervish clan.

Who'll wear his laurels? None but he.
Who dare assume his crown?
'Tis but his due, his labor's fee,
Fit glory and renown.

Though he hath headed not the fight
The battle strife amid,
He was Lord Roberts' might and light—
Such light shall not be hid.

Whatever knight, what man of might,
Whose brow war's bays doth plume,
Whatever chief of glorious fight,
Doth victory's star illumine ;

To whate'er king, or sceptred thing
Is reared the costly tomb,
None worthier praise—none worthier bays,
High niche in glory's room,
Than he, Lord Robert's chief of staff,
The hero of Khartoum.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

Our land will be the land of fame
 When the boys come home ;
We'll flame the triumph of their name,
We'll put all records past to shame
 When the boys come home ;
We'll meet them with reception grand,
We'll greet them with a welcome hand,
Give them the best that's in the land
 When the boys come home.

CHORUS :—

When the boys come home, at break of day,
We'll yell and shout hip, hip, hurrah !
While whistles shriek and bands do play,
We'll have a glorious holiday
 When the boys come home.

Forgot will be old feuds and hate,
 When the boys come home ;
Their sweethearts who with patience wait
Will dance about the garden gate
 When the boys come home ;
They'll skip and romp upon the green,
They'll be the proudest e'er was seen,
Each one will think herself a queen
 When the boys come home.

CHO.—When the boys come home, &c.

Who will not envy them their joys
 When the boys come home ;
We'll shout with an hilarious voice,
We'll sing the praises of the boys,
 When the boys come home ;

We'll meet them at the station stair,
We'll carry them upon a chair,
We'll braid fresh roses in their hair,
When the boys come home.

CHO.—When the boys come home, &c.

We'll shout their fame from shore to shore,
When the boys come home ;
Our land will be (not as of yore)
The lady of the snows no more,
When the boys come home ;
They've earned for her a deathless name,
Bright star in Britain's crown of fame,
And to the skies their praise we'll flame,
When the boys come home.

CHO.—When the boys come home, &c.

Though many sad hearts will lament
When the boys come home ;
Yield not to grief,—their blood was spent
In glorious cause,—be ye content,
When the boys come home ;
Though they have fallen, their race is free,
They bled, they died for liberty,
And yours, too, will the triumph be,
When the boys come home.

CHO.—When the boys come home, &c.

Mar not our joy, ye are allied
(When the boys come home)
To those so nobly fought and died,
Their memory will be your pride,
When the boys come home ;
Weep not for they who fighting fell,
God grant we serve our flag as well,
To honor them our hearts will swell
When the boys come home.

CHO.—When the boys come home, &c.

Brave sons of Canada, your meed,
 When the boys come home,
 Be fit for each heroic deed,
 Though eyes be wet and hearts do bleed,
 When the boys come home ;
 They've shown the world how they can fight,
 Though but Canucks, they're men of might,
 To praise them will be our delight,
 When the boys come home.
 CHO.—When the boys come home, &c.

What would we give them if we could,
 When the boys come home ;
 They'll own the town as victors should,
 The city hall, there's naught too good,
 When the boys come home ;
 We'll sing the glory of their name,
 We'll blazon to the world their fame,
 We'll put all triumphs past to shame,
 When the boys come home.
 CHO.—When the boys come home, &c.

FRENCH.

Not Cromwell with his might of sway,
 His Ironsides before,
 Rushed with more zeal unto the fray
 Than French his squadrons bore
 In many a fight for Freedom's right
 To quell the treacherous Boer.

Elandslaagte ! what steed may wait,
 When he the onset calls ?
 The stubborn Burgher tempteth fate
 Whose breast no fear appalls,
 When he draws near with horse and spear
 Those living, moving walls.

He charges the opposing foes,
He turns the tide of war ;
He routeth them where'er he goes,
He breaks and drives them far ;
He shatters them, he scatters them,
He captures their lagaar.

He meets their mightiest on the veldt,
He puts their might to shame ;
Their proudest flee from Kimberley
At terror of his name.
His onset 's like an avalanche,
His wrath is like a flame.

Like wolves before a forest fire,
The foemen part with fear ;
He hurries them, he worries them,
On front and flank and rear ;
He races them, he chases them,
They flee like frightened deer.

In Britain's annals shall be seen
The glory of his name—
A gem within her diadem—
While letters writ of flame
Shall blazon forth his martial deeds,
The splendor of his fame.

HYMN.

Sing His praises, shout His praises !
Lord of life and light and love ;
Shout till earth the echo raises
To the vaulted skies above.

Shout, ye myriad, myriad voices,
Sing, both man and angel choir ;
Nature in all forms rejoices,
Singing praises to her Sire.

All the stars of heaven are singing,
Fields and woods and flowers adore,
Hills rejoice while streams are ringing
To His praises as they pour.

Bird and beast their Maker praising,
Join the strain that doth prolong,
While the seraphim are raising,
Hallelujahs to the song.

Hallelujah ! join the chorus,
All of Nature's wondrous choir,
Till the heavens bending o'er us
Echo praises to their Sire.

God the Maker, God the Giver,
Boundless Source of life and love,
Hallelujahs shout forever,
Man and angel choir above.

Sing His praises, shout His praises,
Richest strains of music pour,
While the universe upraises
Songs to Heaven forever more.

